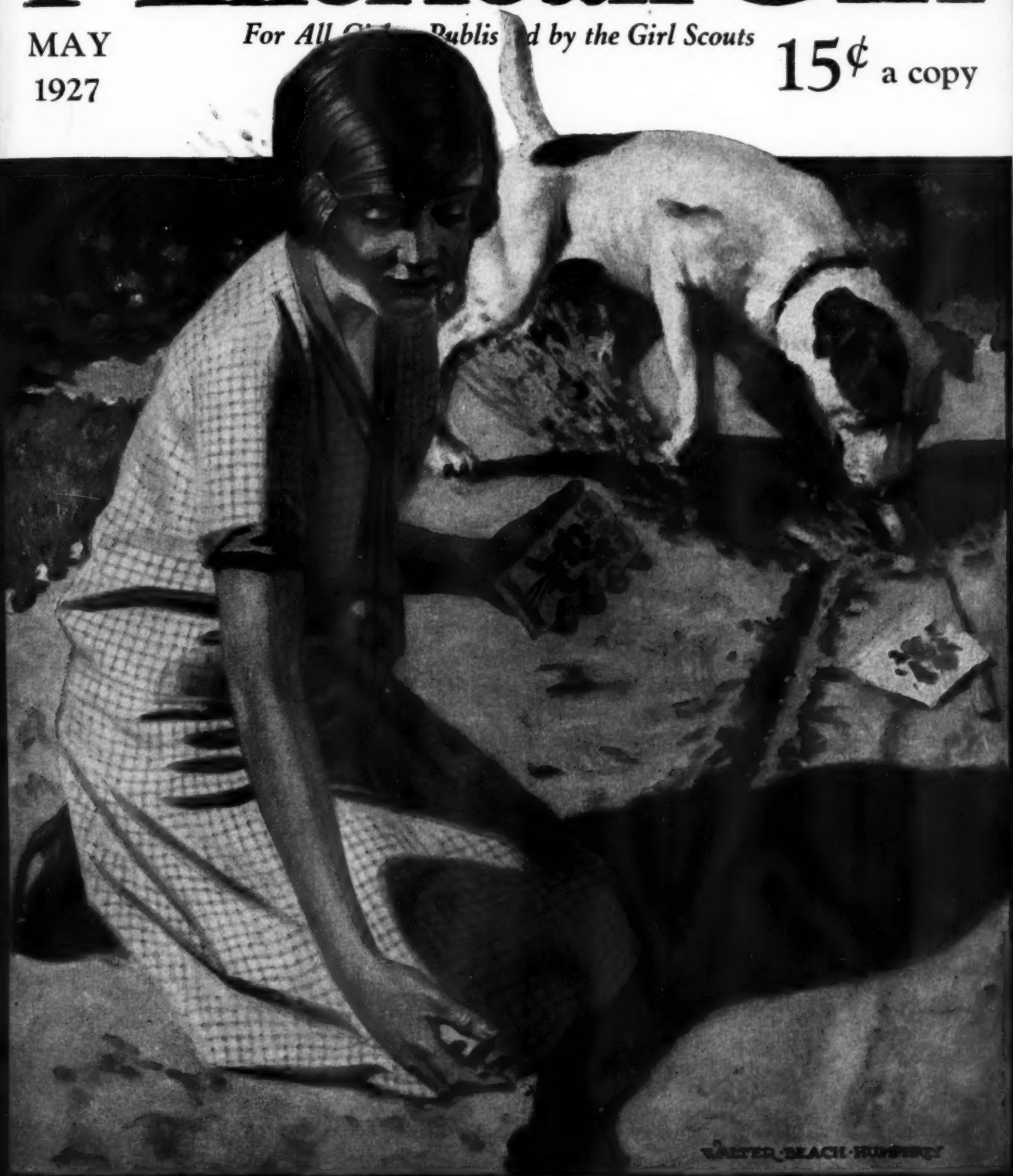


The American Girl

MAY
1927

For All Girls Published by the Girl Scouts

15¢ a copy



Samuel Scoville, Jr. — Ralph Henry Barbour — Jane Abbott
Constance Lindsay Skinner — Kenneth Payson Kempton

Helen Wills Answers Your Question



Shall Every Girl Try to be a Champion?

In June
Edith Bishop Sherman

"Here I am! And how glad I am to be here!" writes Edith Bishop Sherman of her first appearance in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* next month. And, "How glad we are to see you," we say in turn to the author of *Mistress Madcap* and *Mistress Madcap Surrenders*.

Mrs. Sherman grew up in the middle-western city of Des Moines, Iowa. "I played mostly with boys," she writes, "because I had three brothers and no sisters! But once four of us—Helen, Evelyn, Margaret and I—formed ourselves into a club. The most wonderful thing we did was to give *Little Women* in which I played the part of Amy.

"In the middle west, history was still in the making, and it was only when I journeyed east that I realized that

the country of Washington's time really existed outside of the history books. And so my *Mistress Madcap* stories were written, for it seemed to me that the brave people of those days ought to live again in our memories."



Edith Bishop Sherman

Most of Mrs. Sherman's writing now is done on an island—where she says, "the latch string of our little shack hangs out to welcome any Girl Scout at any time."

Who is the girl other girls are most interested in? "Helen Wills," everybody answers. She is the great tennis champion, of course, and "the most famous schoolgirl our country has ever had;" but it is mostly because she is, as her own classmates say, "Oh, just a peach!" And because she comes nearest our idea of all a good sport should be.

Now she is going to tell *AMERICAN GIRL* readers what she thinks of girl athletes. A friend of our magazine went to see Helen Wills in Berkeley, told her about *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, and she was so interested in the Girl Scouts she gave this interview to us.

And Helen Wills will write on tennis all through the summer—how to serve, the backhand, the forehand—all the things a tennis player wants to know.

Peggy's Round Robin starts next month, too—the letters that Peggy's friends in camp all over the country write her. And there is a grand camp tour with pictures and stories of Girl Scout camps in every region; perhaps your own camp will be there. Watch out for it, for Peggy's friends are everywhere!

And if you like to make things—don't miss a single summer issue: *Moccasins*, a whole set of silk underwear for \$5.00—yes, you can do it—a dress that you will yearn for and many other things.

In June
Stories for Every One

And for everybody's taste. Do you like dogs? Or adventure? Or mystery? Or boarding school? Then pick out your own favorite.

The Wedding Gown by Edith Bishop Sherman—it's as breath-taking a bit of old Revolutionary days as you can imagine, with as quick witted a heroine.

Rags was a mystery dog. There was no doubt about it. Who was the phantom master he was looking for? And where did he get his sense of humor? Thrill and laugh with him.

The Sticker—that is what they called her, Dion Philander from Syria. She couldn't do anything at all, the other girls at the Pryde school thought. But then—

"Well, I Might as Well Admit" that I'm a Day Dreamer, one girl writes—it's another true story of a real girl.

Roselle of the North solves her own mystery—in the last and most thrilling installment of this fascinating serial of the Canadian woods, by Constance Lindsay Skinner.

And the big new surprise serial begins. It is a story of boarding school—and adventure—and mystery—but we aren't going to say another word about it. Just hold your breath and watch next month.

WATCH FOR THE BIG SURPRISE NEXT MONTH

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We want you to know that this store is official headquarters for Washington, and when you come in for Girl Scout Apparel or Equipment, you will find a royal welcome here.

THE HECHT CO-F STREET
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Official headquarters for Girl and Boy Scout clothing and accessories is at A & S—where a special department awaits you.

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The Golden Rule

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Girl Scouts of Orange County

For That New Uniform
Or Other Equipment

Go to **STERN'S**
NEWBURGH NEW YORK

Extra Help in Washing Your Girl Scout Uniform and Your Dresses



THE true Girl Scout prides herself on neat and cleanly appearance at all times. While engaging in Girl Scout activities it isn't always possible, of course, to preserve an "immaculate front". On hikes, at camp, in cooking, in sports, clothes are bound to get soiled, or grease-spotted, or stained.

Then a Girl Scout has a real chance to get practical experience in a Girl Scout Laundry Test. Girls of today are particularly fortunate in being able to secure extra help in washing, for Fels-Naptha Soap gives extra help that cannot be had from soap alone. The extra help of Fels-Naptha is due to plenty of naptha and soap combined to work together. Naptha is a safe and helpful cleaner because it loosens dirt and dissolves grease readily. With unusually good soap and plenty of naptha helping each other, washing is done thoroughly and quickly.

With the Girl Scout uniform Fels-Naptha is especially helpful for two reasons: 1—It can be used effectively in lukewarm water. And to preserve the color, water that is not hot or boiling is desirable for Girl Scout uniforms. 2—Fels-Naptha will take out grease-spots and ground-in dirt, too, when used with lukewarm water.

In washing the uniform, chip Fels-Naptha into the wash-water and work up heavy suds. Fels-Naptha chips will give you the benefit of the naptha for loosening the dirt. A little light rubbing between the hands is all that should be needed. Rinse thoroughly in cool or lukewarm water. Wring and hang in the shade to dry.



When it comes to your white clothes Fels-Naptha gives extra washing help in water of any temperature—cool, lukewarm, hot or boiling.

Wet the pieces to be washed. Rub the soap on well, especially over the soiled places. Then roll up and let them soak half an hour or so. The dirt will then be loosened and will come out easily. After washing, rinse the clothes thoroughly—blue, wring and hang out.

When you have tried washing with Fels-Naptha you will appreciate the extra help which two cleaners give—the soap and naptha working together in one bar at the same time.

In Scranton—

Girl Scouts, Listen!

When in Scranton, remember we are sole agents for Girl Scout equipment. We are serving Girl Scouts just as we have been serving your brother Boy Scouts for years and years.

Samters

Scranton, Pa.

In Boston—

Official Headquarters in

BOSTON

for Girl Scout
Apparel and Accessories

A Special Section, devoted to Girl and Boy Scout Equipment, is located on the Third Floor Main Store.

Jordan Marsh Company

In Rochester—

GIRL SCOUT
APPAREL Headquarters are located in the Shops of Youthful Fashions, on the Third Floor.

B. Forman Co.

In Indianapolis

Girl Scouts will naturally secure all their equipment from

L. S. Ayres & Company

Patronize the equipment agent in your town

The MAN O' WAR MIDDY

{The sloped sides make it fit}



HERE she comes down the trail, head up, shoulders back, a real hiker looking her best in a crisp, snow-white middy. She's a Girl Scout and proud of it. And she's proud of her MAN O' WAR Middy, too. For that's the middy that Girl Scouts find most becoming. Stout girls look trimmer and slim girls look trimmer in the MAN O' WAR, because the sloped sides make it fit.

The MAN O' WAR Middy is known everywhere for its smart style and its trim fitting

qualities. This becoming middy not only fits smoothly over the hips (you never have to pin the sides in) but it also has a well setting collar that hugs the neck. There is also a convenient tie loop, a handy pocket and a generously deep hem at the bottom.

The MAN O' WAR Middy illustrated above is beautifully tailored in snow-white Super Jean. The price is \$1.50 and up. If your local store cannot supply you, write the manufacturers,

BRANIGAN, GREEN & CO.,
Originators of the Sloped Side Middy

1511 Guilford Ave.

Baltimore, Md.

EVERYTHING FOR



SCHOOL, CAMP AND GYM



Along the Editor's Trail

NOT long ago a friend of mine who is in high school spent the evening with me. I always like to have her come. She is so full of news about what her class is doing. I like to talk with her about the basketball games and the graduation dresses all the girls are making and the lunch counter which her club is running and the interesting things which she is learning in her classes. Seeing Jean is almost like going to high school again myself—and I certainly did enjoy that. Jean is such fun, too. I never see her that we don't have a good laugh about this and that.

But on this particular evening, she was discouraged. I noticed it the minute she came in. And it wasn't long before she told me what the trouble was. Her class president had told her she had no school spirit. I was surprised, to say the least, for I have always thought that no one could have finer school spirit than Jean.

Then Jean told me the story. It seems that the boys and girls in her high school are very much interested in their new athletic field. Wishing to have a share in the furnishing of the locker house, they have pledged a certain amount of money for that purpose. To raise the money, they are giving a play in the high school auditorium. (Yes, I certainly am going to be there!) Now, Jean has been working very hard on that play. She is chairman of the costume committee. I know, because she has already borrowed a portière from me for the night of the great performance.

That day the matter of selling the last tickets had come up. The class president had worked out a plan by which, if every member of the class would buy three herself—or himself—the necessary number would be sold. When he had spoken to



Jean about it, she had replied that she couldn't. Whereupon the class president had said, "Then you haven't any school spirit."

We talked it over. I pointed out to Jean that I didn't think her president meant it the way it sounded to her. I rather think that the president has been working very hard over those tickets. And selling tickets, as everyone knows, is sometimes a difficult job even though you do go only to your friends. I felt almost certain that Jean must have been the fortieth or the fiftieth person whom he had approached. Even class presidents can become very tired.

And Jean admitted to me that she did not explain to her friend that she could not afford to buy those tickets. "I just hated to say it," she told me.

When Jean had gone, I went on thinking about school spirit. Is it being in school plays? Is it going to football games? What is it, anyway? Taking an interest in what your school is doing is certainly an important part of school spirit. Yet is it *all*?

I thought of the girl who is fair in her judgments of her classmates. I thought of the girl who is kind in her treatment of them, of the girl who is honorable. I thought of the girl who sees in her studies something more than "getting by," the girl who appreciates all that her teachers are doing to open the door to a world of interesting things. School spirit a matter of games and plays? Yes, of course! But a matter, too, of the silent victories which you win, by yourself, because you are loyal to the ideals of your school.

And I thought of Jean's eyes when she left me—clear, honest eyes—with Jean herself saying, "I'm going to Jim tomorrow morning and tell him that I can't afford those tickets".

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NUMBER 5



Shepherdess

By ALICE MEYNELL

She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them
white;
She guards them from the steep.
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.
She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep.
Her dreams are innocent at night;
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right;
She has her soul to keep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

—*Poems of Alice Meynell*
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THE AMERICAN GIRL

The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

Helen Ferris, Editor

May, 1927



When she drove the Star Grocery Company's truck into a hydrant, she did not permit the resulting damage to discourage her

"Why, Sue!"

No wonder they were always saying it, for she would do the most shocking things; but what would you have done in her place?

FOLKS had been always saying it for as long as she could remember. Her mother, her grandmother, her great-aunt Susan—for whom she was named—her brother Hubert, Mrs. Penniwell, who lived on one side of them, Mrs. Carter, who lived on the other, Madame Posier, the dancing teacher—oh, just everyone! She heard it the first thing in the morning, and frequently the last thing at night. She heard it at home and at school and on the street. Alas, she had even heard it in church! It was capable of a variety of inflections but it

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Illustrations by Edward Monks

generally meant pretty much the same. Of course, by the time she was fifteen she was rather used to it but even then it still had the power to irritate her, although usually, like anything else one is accustomed to hearing constantly—the tick of a clock, the swish of the waves—it passed unnoticed. The only person she knew at all well who never said it was her father, the Reverend Mr. Marston, and that was because first, he had such a complete and inexhaustible sense of humor that he was never surprised nor shocked by anything she did, and

second, because he never called her Sue. He called her "Bobs." Mrs. Marston had never approved of "Bobs" but—and it shows what a sense of humor will do for a mild man—he kept right on. "Bobs" was a very appropriate name for Susan Trowbridge Marston, for, if Fate hadn't decided that she was to be a girl, she would have made an excellent boy.

Mr. Marston was the only one, though, who called her "Bobs." Even Hubert, who was six years older, didn't do it. But then Hubert wouldn't. Hubert was extremely well-behaved, extremely dignified, extremely earnest. He looked with marked disfavor on Sue's eccentricities, innocent though they were, and managed to murmur the word "hoyden" in a way that made it sound very terrible. Hubert had no charity for small girls who preferred climbing trees and fences to reading improving books, or playing scrub ball with the neighbor boys to practicing piano lessons. In the matter of outdoor amusements Hubert was very narrow. Tennis, he allowed, was a gentleman's game, and the only one. After he had been at St. Stephen's a year he came home with a swift and difficult serve and a nice backhand and, because he wasn't particularly popular with the other young gentlemen of his age in Thomaston, he kindly allowed Sue to go to the court with him to chase and throw back the balls he sped across in practice. After awhile, that summer, Sue borrowed a racket. Hubert didn't quite approve, but he didn't forbid, and soon Sue was returning his easier serves and sometimes placing her own efforts into the court. Eventually, with a handicap of thirty, she could give Brother Hubert a tussle. Then the handicap became fifteen, then—this was two summers later—finally Hubert gave no odds at all and had to win his two-out-of-three. So Sue, by the time she was fourteen, could not only kick a football quite effectively, throw a baseball with speed and precision, bat after a fashion, run fast, jump high, turn a really magnificent cart-wheel—she could also play a pretty good game of tennis.

Of course that isn't all she could do, but it comprises a fairly complete list of her athletic abilities. And Hubert's ill-concealed pique at her increasing skill spurred her to fresh efforts.

Of course she rode a horse and of course she drove a car—both when opportunity allowed. As the Reverend Mr. Marston possessed neither one nor the other, Sue had not yet completely mastered either art. But she was progressing. She had plenty of determination, and one failure, or half a dozen failures, never spelled defeat to her. When the Watkin's carriage horse, resentful of being trotted through the alley with an eleven-year-old girl on his back, tossed Sue into the Blashford's pear tree with astonishing results to Sue's frock, she didn't give up as some might have done. A week later Cæsar was as gentle a lady's mount as anyone could desire. In the same way when, at the more advanced age of thirteen, Sue drove the Star Grocery Company's delivery truck into the hydrant at Third and Fordyce Streets she didn't permit the resulting damage to car, hydrant, young Mr. Arthur Riggs—the official driver of the vehicle—or Susan Trowbridge Marston to deter her from mastering the science of driving an automobile.

Although the town was put to the expense of a new hydrant, the Star Grocery Company to the cost of repairs, young Mr. Riggs to the discomfort of a broken wrist and Sue to disgrace, it wasn't three months later that Mrs. Saunders, wife of one of the vestrymen, saw her negotiating the White Swan laundry truck past the Fair Grounds at what that scandalized lady subsequently declared to Sue's mother to have been "at least fifty miles an hour." Sue's just contention that the silly thing couldn't possibly be induced to go faster than forty had no mollifying effects. And, of



course, in each case she was greeted with that familiar slogan: "Why, Sue!"

No matter what subsequent disciplinary measures might be taken, the introductory phrase was always just the same: "Why, Sue!"

When she went off to Fairlee Academy in the fall of her fourteenth year she hoped she was leaving that monotonous exclamation behind. But she wasn't. It was just as though she had unwittingly packed it in her trunk and taken it along. The very first morning when, having skilfully and surreptitiously snapped a prune pit the length of the dining room, she dropped her innocent eyes to her plate, the past caught up with her. Mary Eustace, her room-mate, gasped audibly, at once shocked and admiring.

"Why, Sue!" she whispered.

After that—oh, well, what was the use? Of course when it was Miss Parmenter, who was the principal—and "Prissy" to her charges—or any of the teachers, the familiar phrase became "Why, Miss Marston!" But it meant just the same thing. The alteration was grateful to Sue for awhile, but its novelty soon palled. Besides, the girls didn't call her "Miss Marston." They called her Sue. And "Why, Sue!" rang as frequently in her ears as ever. Sometimes, as already inferred, she didn't mind it, hardly heard it, but there were other times when, for no apparent rea-



When they met at the table where the referee and the water pitcher and the towels were, Jay smiled breathlessly and said, "You play beautifully, Miss Marston!" Sue stammered something, she never knew what, and went on strengthened and determined to show well in the eyes of her adored one

son, it grated. Which was why on a certain spring afternoon she turned fiercely upon a very surprised young lady with molasses-colored hair and a snub nose.

"Pug, if you ever say that again I'll—I'll—"

"Say what?" gasped Miss Eustace, retreating before Sue's threatening gestures.

"That! 'Why, Sue!'" The irate speaker mimicked her room-mate's sugary tones inimitably. "I'm sick to death of it! I've heard it all my life! I—"

"Why, Sue!"

"There you go again!"

"I didn't mean to, honestly, I didn't!" Mary—otherwise Pug—hurled herself nimbly across her cot. "It—it just slipped out!"

"It better not slip out again," answered Sue grimly. "If it does I'll—" She didn't say what she would do. Perhaps she didn't know. But Mary was thoroughly impressed. It had long since been proved to her that she was no match for this slim, whip-like room-mate of hers when it came to physical encounter.

"Just the same," said Mary from the safety of the window-seat, "I don't see what it's all about. You never called me down before for saying—" An ominous gleam in Sue's brown eyes halted her. "For saying—that!" she concluded. There was a meek little silence for a minute.

"Well, I've wanted to, I guess. Every time I turn around someone says 'Why, Sue!' It's enough to drive a fellow frantic crazy!"

Mary ventured a giggle. "Well, but you're always doing things!"

"I am not. I don't do things any more than others. I just get found out! And then it's 'Why, Sue!' Gee, it's fierce! I don't see why they didn't christen me that and be done with it. Why Susan Marston. Wouldn't it look ducky in the catalogue?" Sue cheered up as she mentally contemplated the inscription. "Or it could have been W. Susan Marston, and folks would want to know what the W stood for and I would say 'Why, don't you know?' Sue chuckled. "And besides, Why wouldn't be any funnier than some of the other names in the catalogue. Ola, for instance. Or—or—" "Lettice," of-

fered Mary. "That's the Paulson girl's name. You know, the one in the senior class they call 'Salad'."

"Yes, or—or—"

"Jay."

"I don't see anything funny about Jay," declared Sue with sudden warmth.

"Of course you don't! You wouldn't."

"What's there so funny about being named Jay? It's a family name. She's called after her grandfather, who was a very famous man. If you knew anything about American history—"

"Huh! I know as much about it as you do, Sue Marston! Who was it said Paul Revere was a famous naval hero and—"

"I meant John Paul Jones," answered Sue, with dignity. "Anyone might make a mistake when the names are so similar!"

"Well, I didn't," observed Mary, with a satisfied smile. "And I guess it doesn't make any difference whether Jay Maitland's grandfather was an ambassador or not; it is a funny name for a girl! And if you didn't think she's the most wonderful senior ever breathed you'd see it!"

"I would not! Jay's a very sensible name. And I don't think she's as wonderful as that, Mary Eustace, and I'll

(Continued on page 41)

By KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON

The ocean—it was not just pretty waves and gay hotels to this daughter of deep-sea skippers; it meant fog, screaming wind, shaggy seas running mountain high; it meant shifted cargoes and fear-tortured crew; it meant

Tall Water

"IT'S no life for a girl," Uncle Aaron objected, with just enough emphasis on the last word to spell his doom. Vic's nose went right up. "Well, if that's the case," she countered briskly, "it wants investigation." And she marched aboard.

Now there was nothing sinister-looking about the *Smyrna Queen* that warm spring evening. Moored beneath the lofty chutes of the grain elevator, she was placidly taking cargo for France. Fine white dust had settled like new snow on her steel decks, the rails and stanchions of her chunky superstructure, her ventilators and masts and her single thick funnel. In the dusky air hung the thin hissing of Wisconsin wheat running down the chute-pipes into her old-fashioned unpartitioned holds. She looked just about as dangerous as a nice old grandmother fallen asleep over her knitting.

True, there was a watchman at the gangway, reading a newspaper under a cluster light, with a leather holster at his hip. But he never even looked up as the girl and her uncle passed him.

"Suppose you got to have your way," Uncle Aaron was saying as he pattered along in her wake. He was a thin little man with a bald head and the rigid bearing of a tin soldier, and wispy moustaches which he had a way of chewing when things bothered. He was not at his best with his ship tied up and swarming with stevedores and covered with dust. Men said that, out of sight of land. But that was mere rumor. Aaron Booth had never married, and since the death of her parents his ward had been the apple of his mild blue eye.

"... Have your way," he repeated uncertainly, setting down her bag in the cabin adjoining his own. "Now you better turn in and get some sleep." This in a tone that ominously suggested, "while you can..." Then he went ashore.

Vic smiled at his glumness. Sweet welcome! But she understood this uncle perfectly. He just wanted—

Perched on the berth in the neat white room, suddenly she tipped her bobbed head on one side, and the smile faded from her sensitive lips, the light died out of her big brown eyes. Through the airports she had heard that hiss of rushing grain.

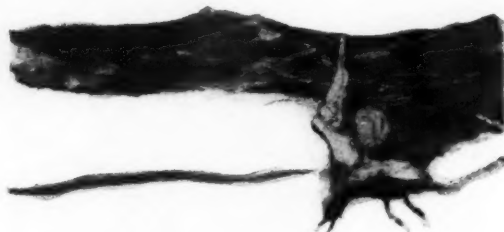
Surf on a distant beach...

A little shudder ran over her lithe young body, she got up and shut the ports. There was another sort of smile on her lips, a crooked smile. And quizzically she offered up a little prayer that the sound might be the nearest thing to breakers on a lee shore she would hear...

For she wasn't so keen about going to sea as that uppish nose might lead you to think.

The Booths ran to salt water, as some families do. There was her uncle, master of the *Smyrna*. There was a strapping young cousin, watch officer aboard one of those thirty-thousand-ton palaces with gymnasiums and swimming pools. There was—there had been her own father.

Vic's distrust of the sea dated back to earliest memories. But with the receipt of that telegram about Dad, three



years ago, distrust had sharpened into stark hatred—and clutching, paralyzing fear. "Regret... inform you... lost... all hands..." And the proud torture in her mother's eyes.

Mind that, if the ocean means just pretty whitecaps and gay hotels, and lazing in warm sand. To this girl, daughter and granddaughter of deep-sea skippers, it meant quite other things. It meant fog—bitter cold, impenetrable, and screaming wind. And shaggy seas running mountain-high—"tall water," Dad used to say. It meant long black, implacable ledges always waiting...

Then why the uppish nose?

Simply because Uncle Aaron had to be fooled. For the last year Uncle Aaron had paid for her school, a good one and most expensive. In a year or two more, Uncle Aaron was going to pay for college. And the blessed old goose hadn't any money to speak of. He was pinching himself for her, her clothes, her happiness—that coat he had on tonight was rubbed shiny as silk. And now he'd proposed sending her to a big mountain hotel, with a chaperone, for the spring holidays. A trip across in the *Smyrna* would just fill the three weeks involved, and cost nothing... Simply, in short, because it was necessary to make Uncle Aaron think a trip across would be twice the fun. For if he suspected that she suspected—and so on.

On second thought Vic Booth, daughter of mariners, opened up her ports again. She listened a moment. "Nice sound," she announced firmly. "Peaceful, sort of..." And she turned away to open her bag and hang her clothes in a locker she'd found at one end of the berth.

There was a suit of faded dungarees, seaman's working clothes, already hanging there. Uncle Aaron's she judged, noting the short slimmness of sleeve and trousers. Her quick smile gleamed whimsically. Not a bad fit for—but she shook her head at that wild notion and, hanging her own trim clothes beside the shabby overalls, she got undressed in ten seconds and hopped gaily into bed.

When she woke, the *Smyrna Queen* was fifty miles out.

Still there was nothing to be afraid of. The March sun was warm, the sky clear turquoise, the sea a spacious floor of fretted jade and gold. All night, Vic learned at breakfast, the longshoremen had worked; upon the level mass of bulk wheat in her lower hold they had stowed tier on tier of bagged oats and barley, till the little freighter dipped to



She stood on the bridge with her uncle; below the black-clothed crew shuffled here and there

her load-line and would take no more. At dawn the tugs had come for her and, as they towed her down the long roadstead on the first strong set of the ebb, her crew had turned-to with hose-lines and brooms, and washed her clean as a whistle.

Her crew . . . That was the first shadow. On her bridge after breakfast Vic looked down along the forward well-deck and saw strange little black-clothed figures shuffling here and there. Their hands were often hidden in wide sleeves. Their faces were a dusty yellow, and tight black strings of hair, like rats' tails, hung down their backs . . .

"Cheaper," Uncle Aaron replied curtly to her abashed query. "Coolies are all right if you know how to handle 'em." He rested a hand lightly on the holster at his waist.

Then Vic saw that Mr. Nason, the mate, wore a revolver too, and that he stood directly behind the motionless, slack-faced Oriental at the wheel. Then she remembered that watchman at the gangway last night, and she understood why he hadn't bothered even to look at *anyone* coming aboard. . . .

Yet why should this trouble her? After all, Chinamen were human beings. In school she'd known a Chinese girl, who had told her many things—a few words of that weird guttural language, the simplicity of her countrymen, their devout piety and faith in their pagan god. True, Lo-Tse had been high-caste, a native Christian; these creepy silent men down there were very different . . .

But surely she was safe enough, up here in the *Smyrna's* superstructure, with Uncle Aaron and Mr. Nason and the two engineers. Those sleek yellow faces lived away off forward in the forecastle; only one of them at a time, the

helmsman, came up here. And she need never go down . . .

The second shadow appeared after supper. Vic had enjoyed the long lazy day at sea. She had spent most of it on the bridge conning the dim horizon, gazing up at the deep blue sky across which gulls were drifting. Toward nightfall the light wind had died to a breathless, hazy calm, and the sun had turned bloody red and sunk slowly under the *Smyrna's* taffrail like a baleful eye watching her slow passage eastward. No stars appeared. Vic went down into the pleasant glow of the chart-room and found Uncle Aaron staring at the wall. His hands were locked behind him, and he chewed at his moustache.

"What's the matter?" Vic asked innocently.

"It's falling," he growled, nodding vindictively at the barometer on the white panel.

"Falling? Does that mean—"

"Yes." He flashed round at her,

his face distorted, entirely unlike the meek little guardian who had let her

have her own way, ashore. "It means weather, lots of it. And, I've got no kind of cargo for it. I told you it wasn't any life for a— You better get into your room and stay there."

Vic's nose went up. She was a lovely picture, facing him. "Don't be a crumb, Uncle!" she sang. "I'm strong as—as anything." At that minute she looked fit to whip hurricanés. "Let me help."

He said nothing, but drove at her a long look of pity and crusted disdain. His mouth, twisted with the torture of his worry, opened to emit a short and mirthless laugh, and he squared his back to her as he turned to study the instrument on the bulkhead.

Mistakenly Vic took it personally; she had never seen one of these deep-water relatives actually afloat before. Anger rode high in her as she caught the utter disregard in those stubborn, wiry shoulders. Her lustrous brown eyes filled up with furious tears. She bit her lip and stamped her foot on the steel deck and whirled out the door leaving "All right for you!" as a childish parting shot before she slammed it, hard.

Spitefully she locked the door connecting her room with Uncle Aaron's and—because there was really nothing else to do—spitefully went to bed.

Waking some hours later, she had the unpleasant sensation of standing, in profound darkness, on her head. Plainly the *Smyrna* had gone mad. Lying there, with the blood pounding at her temples, it seemed to Vic that the ship must actually have rolled over on her side. She pitched with a terrific impetus that all but threw Vic out of the thwartship berth onto the floor; she brought up with a jarring crash like thunder; she careened until the girl felt she was lying horizontal, and lunged back sickeningly to the old list that must mean her port rail was under, and hung there, quivering soddenly. Tons of wind dealt the bulkhead solid, savage blows, and shrieked through the open ports, lashing Vic's face with stinging spray.

She lay there, staring into the whirling darkness, trembling with a horror that strangled like a hand on her throat. So this was it . . . There was no surprise in her. All along, somehow, she had known it would come. This was it—this was the monstrous brutality that dad had sometimes talked of—that had taken him as it takes so many . . . Out there in black night the sea was jagged black toppling hills, the wind was a demon unchained.

There was . . . there was—tall water—out there . . .

She struggled off the berth, impelled by a frantic desire to close those portholes. Across the floor, slanted like a steep roof, she crept, groping for the bulkhead; and reached it, and laid hand on the thick round glass—and stopped moving.

On deck, directly outside, wildly shouting voices whipped in to her in tiny rags of sound. Clinging to the brass frame she peered out—in a faint sharp glimmer as of lightning saw two bodies hanging to the rail, flat black patterns against the appallingly swift-moving wall of a gigantic wave.

"Bulk grain shifted to port . . ." That was Mr. Nason bellowing, his lips three inches from the other's ear. "Starb'd propeller clean out of water . . . smash in hatches—all up . . ."

"Crew!" Uncle Aaron's voice, usually strong as big brass, came in a feeble pipe. "All ha-and, Nason

. . . turn-to—move bags . . . starboard . . . make level . . ."

"Thought of that—sent bos'n down before I called you. Blasted Chinks . . . blue funk. Won't budge . . . praying—fo'c'stle."

There was a pause filled unbearably by booming wind and the torrential rush of solid water pouring aft along the well-deck. Then Uncle Aaron's voice broke through the turmoil, a thin cracked hail of defiance.

"Go back . . . bridge! Send a man—anyone, cook's boy better'n nothing . . . find me in Number Two . . . Look sharp—head 'er into it soon as she—right her—"

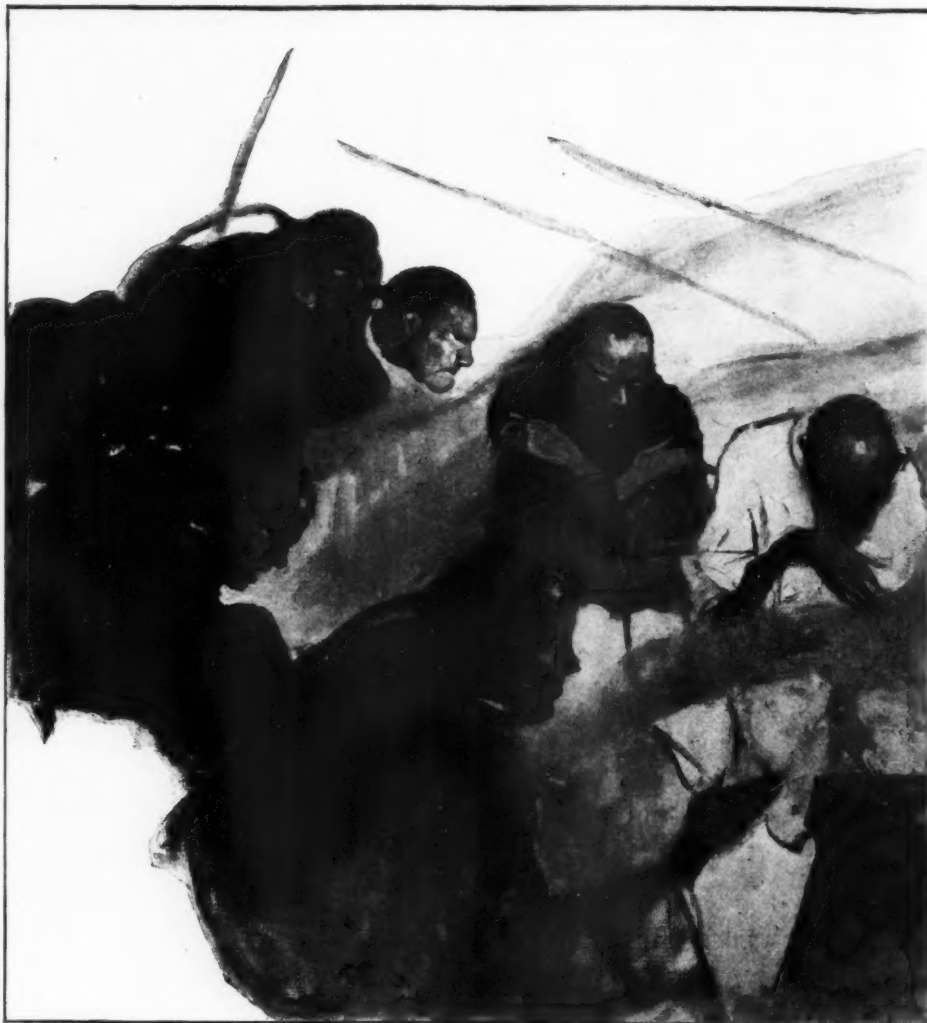
"But look here, sir—you can't—"

"Can't I? Do's I say. Send a man down if you can. Otherwise—goin' to do it . . . alone."

The two figures separated, one sliding, the other crawling along the crazily slanting rail. The gale howled prodigiously; the sea shook that pitiful sagging hull like a dog with a rat in his teeth. Vic threw her whole weight on the port, jammed it shut against the savage pushing wind. She knew, now . . .

Nine thousand bags of grain, each weighing eighty pounds, they'd said. Four hundred tons of dead weight—against one man's indomitable will. And in the forecandle, twenty cringing yellow pagans—praying . . .

Quite suddenly that girl smiled. And she began to move along the bulkhead, feeling in darkness for the locker.



A stranger—a boy in drenched dungarees, his face white as paper, stood in the doorway, looking down

Ten minutes later the forecandle door crashed open. The place was pungent with burning incense, fetid with the smell of human bodies that swayed back and forth on the tilted deck to the rhythm of a low hooting cant, desperately subdued. Black figures, kneeling in a solid rank to face a little squat green image set under a guttering lantern, lifted a sea of tallowy faces to stare.

There was a stranger—a boy in drenched dungarees, his face white as paper, standing in the doorway. Through the dusk his eyes burned with a proud absorption. His smile made those crouching figures shiver.

"You—come!" he cried in a tongue that widened their eyes with wonder; and the words were more promise than command. Then the boy stepped three paces forward, gently lifted the little jade Buddha off its shrine and held it high like a torch, faced toward the door. "Come!" he called again. There was a quick rustling, a doubtful murmur, one guttural cry. But the boy turned his back and, still holding the image high, moved steadily toward the door.

After him, then, came those coolies in a cowering, mesmerized flock. They made no sound. Their bodies flowed after him, their almond eyes were fixed on his back. Out they poured, out onto the listing well-deck, knee-deep in swirling water. They struggled aft past the hatch, the foremast, under the superstructure passage to a sheltered companionway on the starboard side; and so down



on the black figures who knelt to face a squat green image

the ladder into the gloomy, cavernous hold that echoed thunderously to the chaos outside.

There were pin-points of light. Dimly they showed a shelving alley floored with grain like trampled sand and, ranged on both sides of it, solid banks of bags piled ten feet high—some tipped perilously, others jumbled in confusion. The air was misty with dust, and a little way off clouds rose round a frantic figure, white from head to foot, which tugged and dragged and panted . . .

The boy stood at last on that reeling welter of cargo. He looked up at the men clustered like bees on the ladder. "See!" he shouted in a great voice, and pointed to bags here and there, and swept his arm toward the black steel starboard wall. "All—over—there!"

By the mercy of God, they caught at it. Their eyes narrowed shrewdly; they came tumbling, and laid about them with piping cries of energy. In pairs they fell upon those bags, flinging them up on the high side of the hold.

The soft thudding of heavy cloth, white swirling clouds of dust filled the air, shut out the tumult of storm. Off in his corner Aaron Booth straightened up to stare at this army of helpers, to grin with huge relief. His face streamed sweat that ran in channels down its dirt. His befogged vision caught sight of a slim figure in dungarees, which he took to be the cook's boy, staggering through the mist toward him. He rasped a shout of welcome that ended

in a choking cough, and those two worked together.

Nine thousand. But there was no need to count. Periodic avalanches of water crashed on the wooden hatch overhead. Nothing could withstand that ferocious attack for long. And when the hatch gave . . .

All were coughing now. The sickening list of the ship's keel had not changed. Slmp! Pfff! went the bags, each one heavier, more useless than the last. Tortured lungs gasped for fresh air—found only dust and more dust instead. The pin-pricks of light glimmered and danced insanely in the long row overhead. Bags—more bags—nothing much to grip—things heavy as lead that jumped with the ship's plunging, and knocked you down with ruthless obstinacy, and jerked out of your clutch. A stormy sea of bags . . . They must have moved a million. A coolie was sobbing in a long rhythmic frenzy.

It was no use. Absurd. These things wouldn't help. If they'd move a million, there were a million more. Every pitch and roll seemed to drag that ship lower; every crash above seemed pressing her to her doom. The air in the hold was so thick, a laboring pair lost their bearings and shifted a dozen loads to the wrong side before they learned their mistake. Outside, tall water shrieked with laughter at that . . .

But big patches of tumbled bare wheat were showing on that port side. It gave you no footing. You wallowed in a bog of stuff soft as sawdust, and floundered, struggling helplessly, and fought your way to the long mound that gave firmer ground, and climbed that slope with your back breaking to throw your insignificant torture on top. Then back again, muscles burning, head splitting, breath whistling past a redhot throat—back again to—

Abruptly it happened. A coolie screamed. Every soul in that groaning, shadowy dungeon felt it.

Slowly the low side of their tipped, stifling prison was lifting. Up it crept—dipped back on a dizzy plunge—but then lifted again. A monstrous wave shouldered outside with a great heave. The whole ship lurched, trembling. The roar of water piling on her hatch ceased; and throughout her frame quivered the steady throb of her turbines as that starboard propeller found resistance at last, thrust her blunt nose sturdily, gamely into the storm. On the starboard side of her hold had risen a long hill of bagged grain. It reared off a trampled floor that, instead of lying level as before, now shelved sharply upward to the opposite wall.

There was one gasp of triumph—checked instantly. It came not from the huddle of Chinamen, who had bowed in the dust over a little green image, breathing heavily through their noses. It came past the blanched moustache of Aaron Booth, ghostly, rigid little skipper of the *Smyrna Queen*. He had happened to look down.

Cook's boy had fainted—poor little cuss! No wonder. . .

Picking him up, the captain climbed to the deck.

Dawn had broken bleak and gray over the riotous ocean. The waves still ran mountainous, but the wind had bowed its feral drive. The *Smyrna's* well-deck lay clear of water. Dripping, gray in the gray dawn, she was bucking the dregs of the gale with new life, new purpose. From her bridge came the mate's admiring hail, "How'd you do it?"

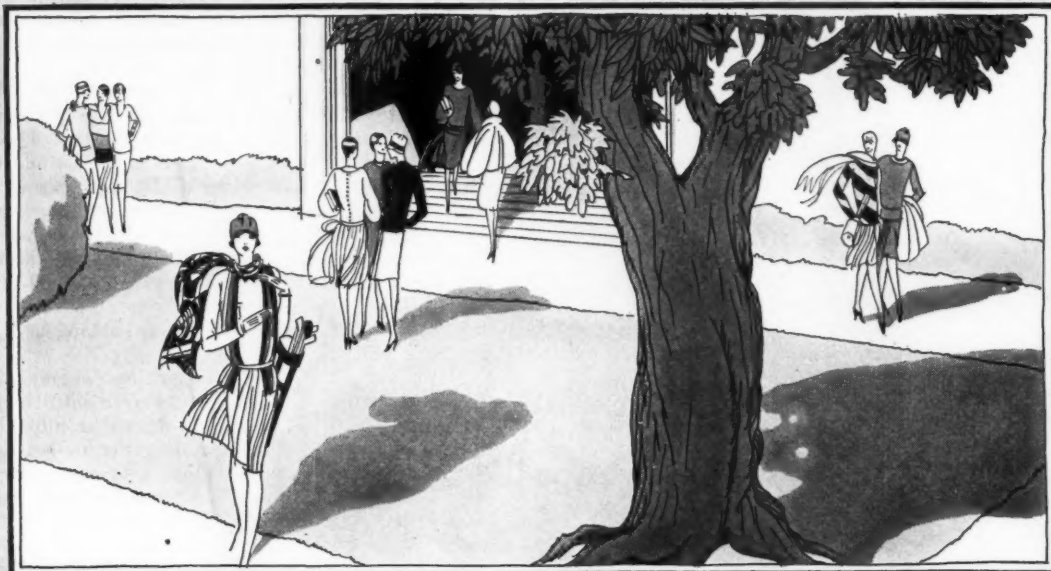
But the skipper gave no heed. In the strengthening daylight he had glanced again at the limp figure in his arms.

"You?" he whispered. "I thought—"

Vic opened her eyes. They lighted with that gleaming smile. She hugged her fiery little uncle till he gasped.

"Me," she chuckled ungrammatically. "Wanted to help—had to—after all you've done—for me. . ."

And she looked out across his shoulder at the tumbling combers, and blew a mocking gay kiss at tall water. . .



College on Your Own

Shall a girl try to earn her way through college? This college girl who is earning the money for all her expenses thinks it is worth while

I'D CERTAINLY never go to college if I had to earn my way through. I don't see how you do it."

Julia and I were walking across the campus together. We had been discussing my efforts to earn all the money necessary to put myself through college, and she had been asking me a great many questions about it. Not that she was thinking of following my example. Julia has never earned a cent in her life, as far as I know—she doesn't need to—but because she was curious to know how I had been able to pay my own bills, college and otherwise, for the past five years.

We parted at the end of the path, she to run off for tea and I to return to my work, the work of typing that had helped make my college course possible. My typewriter, by the way, has been a good friend during my self-supporting years, and I think any girl who must earn all or part of her college education will be wise to learn to use a machine.

As I sat in the office and turned out page after page of *Wurzel Flummery* for the play production class the following day, Julia's questions kept beating through my

By JEAN GLENDENNING

Illustrations by Harriet Moncure

brain with maddening persistence.

"Does it really pay for a girl to work her way through college? Is it worth the struggle?"—and, quite frankly, I have found it is a

struggle. In my most optimistic moments I admit *that*.

Once having started on weighing the value of my experiences during my self-supporting years, my mind refused to budge from it. So, finishing my work as quickly as possible, I hurried to my room—not daring to heed the call of the glorious spring day—and sat down to think and to write. And that is how this story came into being.

I know that a great deal has been written on this subject of self-financed college, but most of it has been by people who have it all behind them. They were enjoying

the benefits of their four years' work and had forgotten some of the hardships. I'm here now—in my third year at a state college—and I believe that reading the story of an honest-to-goodness girl who is working her way through may interest—and perhaps encourage—a few of the many girls who have, just as I had, the strongest kind of ambition to take a college course.

Ever since I can re-



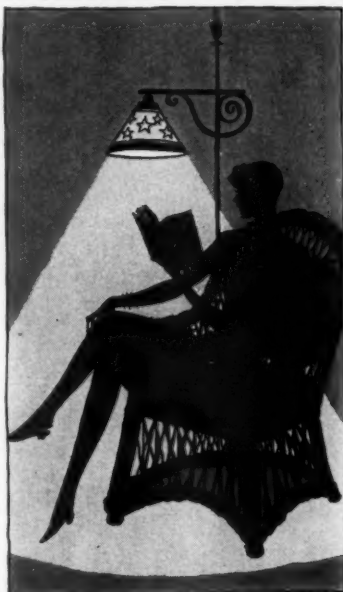
member thinking about my future at all, I have wanted to go to college. I used to revel in stories of college life and often found myself dreaming about them, wandering through my own dreams as the heroine of all the delightful adventures. But it wasn't all fun I wanted, either. I had, too—later, of course—a certain appreciation of the intellectual advantages as well. To me, college was a mixture of friendships, studies, activities, social events and an opportunity for discovery—the discovery of life and of self.

One of my friends once said to me, "When I hear about college I want to go all the way down to the tips of my toes." That's the way the girl who pays her own bills must feel. She must want to go that much or she won't go at all. I *did* want to go that much, and if you do, too, there's no reason why you shouldn't make a go of financing yourself, either wholly or in part.

But before you begin to plan, there are several things you should take into consideration. And the first is to make up your mind what you are capable of doing to earn money. When I completed high school, I did the only thing for which funds were available—I took a business course. And that training, with subsequent experience, is the most valuable asset I have at the present time. When the idea of college became so persistent that I took my savings and courage in hand and enrolled at a state university, I had a readily marketable commodity—my typewriting and shorthand—to offer in exchange for the money I must earn. The first day I arrived, I applied for work at the office of the dean, and the second day I secured a temporary position helping the director of the campaign for funds for the college. Right there I learned that business training and experience, with emphasis on the experience, are the best equipment possible for financing one's self in college—unless, of course, you have some special gift, such as musical ability or a talent for writing or, perhaps, costume designing and sewing.

I was fortunate in finding a permanent position later in the office of the director of the dramatic association. This gave me many interesting contacts besides the financial compensation, which was ten dollars a week for twenty hours' work. (And I should tell you that that twenty hours was nearly *all* my free time.) Later I was raised to sixty cents an hour or twelve dollars a week. Due to this work, I became interested in the activities of the association, took part in them, and I now count the director as one of my most stimulating friends.

Another important thing that a girl who must be self-supporting should consider is the type of college. One of my employers said to me the other day, "If a girl stops to consider whether her friends think less of her for working, she does not deserve help." While I thought it unwise to



disagree with him at the time, I *do*, most emphatically, now. A girl who plans to work for money at college should most certainly consider the probable attitude toward her of the girls whom she will meet. There is, of course, something in the argument that a girl who will not associate with another girl because she works is not worth knowing. But this does not prevent a normal girl—no matter how great her enthusiasm nor how high her purpose—from being very unhappy and uncomfortable if those around her avoid her. And if the girl herself permits the difference in bank accounts between herself and other members of her class to raise a wall of reserve about her, the results are equally disastrous.

"How can you tell what college to choose?" is the logical question. No one, of course, can say definitely. Such things differ in different localities. But, generally speaking, from my own experience at least, I think there is apt to be a more democratic atmosphere in a

state college or university, to which the person of limited means is attracted by the small tuition fee or the absence of any fee at all. I am in such a college, and I can truthfully say that I have never been deprived because of my money-earning of the friendship of any girl I wanted to have for a friend.

If a state university is not desirable, the next thing is to select a list of the colleges in which you are interested and write to the dean or the dean of women at each one, asking both the attitude of the student body toward self-supporting undergraduates, and the opportunities for working. Also, it is a good thing to make inquiries among your friends—or anyone else whose experience might be of help to you.

One way to lighten the burden of earning your way through college is to apply for a scholarship. Sometimes state scholarships to the state university can be had by application during your senior year at high school. Some of these are competitive, and some are given according to the judgment of a board. Colleges often have scholarships or scholarship funds to help ambitious students. These are worth inquiring about. The principal of your high school can tell you about state scholarships, if there are any.

"Do you ever have time to play at college?" is a question often asked the girl who has to earn her own way. And the answer is, "Yes—if you learn how to use your time to the best advantage." In my own case, which is fairly typical, I have been able to strike a pretty good balance among the various college activities. Of course, it is rather like packing an already overcrowded suitcase to try to fit all the work and play one would like into twenty-four hours. After classes and the money-earning part of the day are over, there are lessons waiting to be done in the evening—and

(Continued on page 61)



LIKE the inside of a sea-shell, Seven Mountains showed all pearl and opal after the first snow-fall of the year. In the west the sun was setting in a drift of rose-red clouds which slowly changed to amber and apple-green. Then, as the dark strode across the peaks, the shifting tints deepened to the midnight-violet of a December night and the wildfolk came forth in that, their day, to live and strive and love and die as we humans do in ours.

Not all were there. It was the fatal seventh year of no-rabbits and the pestilence which was the scourge of their race lay heavy upon them. The four deep holes in the snow made by the cotton-tail, and the trapezoid tracks of the Northern hare were missing. Others, too, were absent. At truce with famine, cold and danger, the Seven Sleepers

slumbered safe until spring. The bats, gray, brown, red and black slept head-downward in the depths of caves. The blackbear was under the snow in a jug-shaped hole lined with dried grass on the sloping hillside. The chipmunk had gone to bed with a light supper of seeds and nuts stored up beside him in case he awoke and was hungry during the long night. The unhastening skunk, whose motto is, "Don't hurry, others will," and that loose gray bag of fat, the woodchuck, were fast asleep in their burrows rolled up in soft warm balls of fur. The resourceful racoon slumbered in the depth of some hollow tree and even the smallest of the sleepers, the jumping-mouse, was abed in a ball of dry grass, two feet underground, rolled up in a round bundle tied tightly by a double wrap of his long silky tail, while

all the rest of his large family feasted and frolicked above and below the snow like the brownies they were.

The other dwellers on Seven Mountains, furred and feathered, had to play at hide-and-seek with death through the long winter until spring came again.

On the north side of the mountain a little brook, all dumb with snow, ran through a rift of rose-quartz and poured itself into a translucent bowl of the pink stone where it whirled itself slowly against the mosses and waterweed, showing gleams of gold and olive-green and blood-red in its depth. By the side of the pool the vast bole of a dead pine towered a hundred feet, sheer, straight as a candle. As the first stars showed that winter night, from a hole near the top of the tree, a smoky-brown beast with a white blotch



The blackcat suddenly arched its back, and springing high into the air with its curved claws ripped thick masses of down from the padded breast of the great owl

Blackcat

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, Jr.
Illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull

on his breast slipped like a snake down the huge trunk. From the point of its bushy tail to the tip of its blunt muzzle, it measured a scant four feet and weighed perhaps some thirty pounds. Yet it was thirty pounds of concentrated death, for that tree-dweller was none other than the great weasel which trappers have named the blackcat or fisher, although it is not a cat and never fishes. It is, for its weight, perhaps the deadliest animal on the North American continent. At first sight that one seemed harmless enough, with its wide dog-like head, and short, round ears. Yet its sinister oblique eyes, gleaming green in the dark, and the fierce array of enormous teeth hedging its powerful jaws, showed why the Indians have named it *pekan*, which in the Assiniboine tongue means "killer."

Down a hundred feet of perpendicular height, the blackcat came head first, a feat which of itself proved it to be a master-climber, since even the bear and the monkey come down straight trees backwards. As the great weasel moved across the snow like a black shadow of death, the full moon, pale as a bubble, rose from violet and opal shadows above the mountain, deepened to the color of molten gold and flooded the world with stillness and splendor.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a voice which cried a dreadful question from above the tree-tops.

"Who, who-who-oo?" and a shadow from whose depths gleamed two flaming eyes, drifted toward the great weasel. As it came near, the blackcat suddenly arched its back and, springing high in the air, with its curved claws ripped thick masses of down from the padded breast of the great horned owl, which had been reckless enough to swoop down upon the Black Death of Seven Mountains. The clashing teeth of the *pekan* missed the bird's neck by an inch and with a squawk of dismay it disappeared in the dark, leaving the beast snarling in the snow and pawing at bits of down which clung to its claws.

Then, like a hound following a trail, it once more started on its way around the base of the mountain, leaving behind it a trail of squat, square tracks. A moment later a magnificent red fox loped by with the swift, easy gait of his kind. In the winter moonlight he was a mass of blended tawny-pinks, russets and yellow-browns, set off by the old-gold and dull silver and shining ebony of his slim, trim legs. As he passed, the blackcat darted forward toward him with a hungry, grating snarl. Cocking his head wisely to one side, the fox seemed to regard his pursuer with an air of amused tolerance and as the bounding black figure came near, he quickened his effortless gait and in a flash had disappeared over the edge of a nearby ridge.

Then began a strange chase—the race of the hare and the tortoise over again. Against the dazzling speed, the craft and the wiles of the fox, the weasel opposed an iron endurance and the unfaltering tenacity of his breed.

At first the fox seemed resolved to make a straight-away run for it. Across the wooded slope, up one of the peaks and down on the other side, he raced with a speed which set miles of mountain and forest between himself and his follower. Not until he reached the bounds of his farthest hunting-range, did he circle back rather than dare an unknown territory with such a pursuer on his trail.

The *pekan* evidently was acquainted with this peculiarity of the fox family, for when the tracks began to veer in a long curve to the left, he abandoned the trail altogether and, running in a straight line towards the base of the mountain, picked it up again in a few miles after covering only about a third of the distance which the fox had run. Several times more during the day the fisher saved himself weary miles of hard going by similar cut-offs—the same method by which the red speed-king had run down many a Northern hare.

At last, late the next day, the fox, finding that he could not throw off his pursuer by sheer speed, began to resort to all the shifts and stratagems of his clan. At first he doubled back and forth on his tracks and, bounding to one side or the other, tried to throw off his dark pursuer. Such tactics were wasted on the blackcat, whose unerring nose solved every twist and turn and double of the hunted animal.

Then, as the sun went westering down the sky, the trail of the hunted fox skirted the edge of a sheer cliff. Passing beneath the branches of a squat white-oak whose limbs overhung the precipice, it led back into the dense forest for a quarter of a mile or so—and ended. Immediately the black weasel, running with a

swift, deadly intentness, began to make ever-widening casts on either side of the fox's tracks, all the speed and savagery of his tense body and the cunning of his fierce brain focused on the trail which hitherto he had followed with the certainty of death itself.

For a time it appeared as if the craft of the old dog-fox had saved him. Circle and hunt as he would, the great weasel could find no trace of any track leading away from the paw-prints of the fox in the snow, although he backtracked them for nearly a mile. At the right lay the precipice, which fell sheer to the rocky slope, and it would seem as if the hunted animal could only have escaped towards the forest side of the trail.

More and more swiftly the blackcat raced to and fro and made wide interlaced arcs in the snow along the path of the fox as a chord, while his deep-set eyes flamed with rage at the delay which baffled him. Still there was no sign of any track on either side of the long trail. At last the dark



The *pekan* arched its lithe body as it whizzed downward to the tree far below

weasel stopped under the low-hanging boughs of the oak, and his wide head turned slowly from side to side as he scanned the snow for any sign of the fox.

Suddenly he saw where a mass of snow had fallen from the oak some ten feet away toward the cliff side. With a quick spring he caught the end of a great branch which nearly touched the ground and slipped along it like a great black squirrel. A moment later and he had solved the mystery of the lost trail. In a wide crotch of the drooping limb showed the prints of the fox's feet which had dislodged the snow that had betrayed him. The fugitive had run for a long distance past the oak and then, doubling back, had leaped with one bound into the crotch from which the snow had fallen. Following his tracks along the limb, the blackcat came to a place where another huge branch hung over the cliff. Beyond the end of that limb the prints of the fox's paws showed again where he had jumped to a little ledge of rock some ten feet below, from which he had followed a concealed path which zig-zagged down the face of the cliff to the ground below.

Perhaps some hunted animal which the fox had pursued had shown him that desperate way of escape. Only as a last resort had he finally hazarded his own life on such a leap and such a path where the tiniest slip on his part or a slide of the banked snow underfoot would hurl him to the rocks far below.

The great weasel took one look at the way along which the fugitive had gone and another down the depths which lay before him. At the bottom of a dizzy precipice, a great spruce showing its spiring top and tough drooping branches loaded down with snow. Without an instant's hesitation the black killer sprang into the air, stretching out its wide paws and arching its lithe body as it whizzed downward to the tree far below. In a second its squat body had crashed like a dislodged boulder straight through layer after layer of yielding boughs and elastic twigs to land finally in a deep drift beneath the tree.

There are few animals who would have dared such a leap and fewer still who could have endured the shock of such a landing. A blackcat, however, is built of reinforced steel and leather, and a moment later that one was pursuing the recovered trail with the same fierce intensity which it had shown from the beginning, having cut off by the desperate jump several minutes from the fox's long lead.

Running faster and faster as the hours went by the great weasel raced the sun out of the sky and ran down the stars during the night that followed and the dawn of the second day found hunter and hunted moving slowly around the mountain like a red and black tandem, so close were they to each other. The silver-tipped brush of the fox, which had waved above him like the white-plume of Navarre, trailed through the snow and he lurched and staggered as

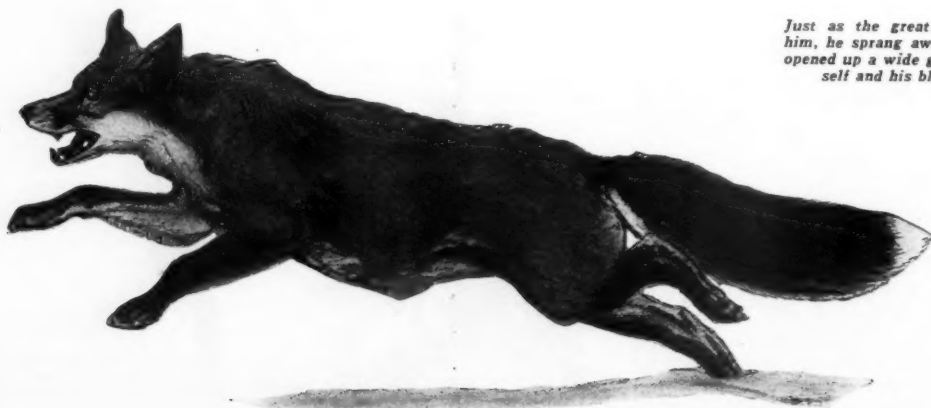
he ran, yet try as he would, the blackcat could not close up the gap.

Then, as the sun showed clear of the central peak, the fox suddenly stopped and with both forepaws squeezed out the snow-water which his bushy tail had soaked up like a sponge. Just as the great weasel reached him, he sprang away, refreshed by his moment of rest and, freed from the weight which had held him back, instantly opened up a wide gap between himself and his black pursuer. As he neared the top of a long hill, the reason for his sudden spurt appeared—he shot into the entrance of a cunningly concealed burrow towards which he had been heading all the night through. At the sight, the lips of the fisher curled back from his fierce teeth in a soundless snarl of anticipation, for an animal who goes to earth with a weasel on his trail usually goes to his death. The red fox, however, had still left one last resource of the underground people as he went down the burrow with a full minute's start over the black killer behind him.

The main tunnel of his den branched a few feet from the entrance into shafts which led to the bed-room, store-room and kitchen-midden, respectively, where all the refuse and garbage of the establishment were tidily buried. Close to the entrance, however, and half-hidden by an elbow in the tunnel, was a fourth passage which led to the secret exit which every well-regulated fox-house has. Flashing into that side-shaft, the fox dug desperately and, before his moment of grace was half over, had masked the entrance to the hidden tunnel with a layer of earth fully six inches thick.

With a pattering rush, the great weasel entered the burrow just as the fox slipped out like a tawny shadow into the middle of the thicket, fifty yards away, where the secret shaft opened. Like black fire, the furious *pekan* flowed through every tunnel, but passed unheedingly the masked entrance to the secret outlet. Then, as he was about to rush out and circle its entrance on the chance of again picking up the lost trail, he came upon a couple of plump partridges cached in the store-room. At the sight the fisher forgot everything save the raging hunger which gnawed at his entrails like a rat and a few minutes later, full-fed, the black killer curled himself up in a round, warm ball and slept there until dark. Before he awoke, a snowstorm, that friend of the hunted, had set in and blotted out, beyond all finding, every track and trail made during the day.

Far away across the mountain in one of his hunting-dens, the red fox slept too, his warm brush wrapped like a quilt around his soft nose and the bare pads of his paws. He was tired and hungry and homeless, yet fortunate beyond most animals, since he was one of the favored few who had escaped with their lives when once the Black Death of Seven Mountains had been on their trail.



Just as the great weasel reached him, he sprang away and instantly opened up a wide gap between himself and his black pursuer



You will need a stamped pattern and enough skeins of the different colored paper twist to embroider it

A Purse for Your Spring Costume

This smart purse which you can embroider with strips of paper will accompany almost any daytime frock or suit

SOUNDS ridiculous and impossible, doesn't it, this idea of embroidering a purse with strips of paper? Before you say you don't believe it possible, look at the picture of the attractive purse on this page. Yes, it really is made of strips of crêpe paper, twisted to form strands which are strong and easily handled.

Perhaps you remember seeing last summer some exquisitely colored purses of this type that were made of raffia embroidered on cloth until the background was entirely covered with raffia. These were imported from France and cost more money than most of us can afford to pay for purses. Girls began to ask where they could get the stamped patterns to embroider themselves, and the stamped linen designs illustrated were produced and put on the market in response to this demand.

But raffia must be damp to handle and after many girls had attempted to embroider their own raffia purses, they began to try material a little easier to work with. Some of them used yarn to make their new pocketbooks, and very charming the result of their work was, too.

Then the paper man's idea was worked out, and the crêpe paper twist came into the market. This paper twist, which is about as heavy as silk twist, is handled just as if it were silk or yarn. It is threaded through a needle and is strong enough to be pulled through open mesh cloth just as thread is used.

The paper purses have been so popular in the short time the patterns and paper twist have been on the market, that the pattern manufacturers are working on hat designs, so by next summer you will be able to embroider smart little hats to match your smart paper purses. The new paper twist is made in every conceivable color and shade, so that the hats and bags can match any dress with which you want to wear them. The use of glass beads of a contrasting color for the centers of the flowers in the design is another distinguished touch, and this additional color permits the

By JANE LITTELL

bag to harmonize with a number of costumes. You will surely want one or two.

The paper purses are tailored enough for practically all occasions, and yet they are dainty enough to be carried even with a dressy dress. The materials are not expensive, and because of the long stitches used for the embroidery, they do not take very long to make.

They are so attractive that if your troop is going to have a bazaar or wants to raise money in any other way, these purses will be among the popular merchandise you can make and sell.

For materials, you need the stamped pattern and enough skeins of the different colored paper twist to embroider it. The number of skeins varies with the pattern you buy, for you can select any size envelope purse and several sizes of bags from the array of patterns. The amount of paper twist necessary is sold with each pattern.

When the bag is embroidered, you will need a piece of muslin for an inner lining and to line the gussets at the ends of the bag, if you decide to use them. You also need a piece of silk as large as the embroidered pattern for lining, and enough more to make a pocket and to face both sides of each gusset. Half a yard of silk will be plenty and you can doubtless find a piece of silk in the scrap bag at home large enough to use for lining.

When the bag is lined and put together, you may glue a small mirror inside the flap, if you like, and make a little silk envelope for a change purse to carry inside. These additions are optional, of course.

Before using the crêpe twist, it is best to flatten it out by running it over a rounded surface, such as the edge of a table. When embroidering, do not draw the stitches too tight, but just firm enough to cause them to be flat. If you prefer, an embroidery hoop can be used, but unless you are very careful where you put the hoops over the embroidered part while you are working, the marks of the hoops will

(Continued on page 55)

Let's Go Spring Shopping

and buy a trim tailored suit to wear this spring; like the crocus and the daffodil, it belongs with the first warm days

ONE morning spring comes—just like that. No announcement, no warning. She's here and what are we going to do about it? Our head lifts higher. We see that the sky is blue. And such a clear blue! The soft maples show tiny clusters of crumpled green leaves. And such a green! The world is suddenly crystal clear and we, too, want to be like spring!

We want to have new clothes! But if we are wise we will not try to run a race with spring in realistic manner. It is rash to think that we shall resemble a bud if we array ourselves in the same colors.

Much wiser are those who try to duplicate the spirit of the season, and capture its essence, which is freshness. Since nothing is so fresh as a tailored suit, perhaps that is why our minds turn to the suit for a spring costume. This season we can again be tailored and be in style.

The proverbial handbox could not be neater than the well tailored turnouts made of men's suiting which the stores are showing. They are boyish in cut and some black coats accompany black and gray striped skirts.

The smartest combination I have seen is a suit of brown and beige pin-checks. With it is worn a natural-color cashmere jersey with tightly woven hip band and cuffs and the new square or highish, round neck line.

There is nothing smarter for the slender girl who wears it well. A short scarf in nasturtium shades, a sleek, brown felt hat with rolling brim and colored band, shoes and stockings of plain soft brown and slip-on gloves of washable suede complete a simple and smart costume for the lithe girl who has that "air of her own," demanded by the tailored suit.

Girls who do not look well in tailor made are foolish to wear them. Why put yourself in competition where you know you cannot win and probably cannot even get honorable mention? One of the tricks in the art of life is to know what you can do and do that well, instead of experimenting with possibilities.

For the more feminine girl there is the three-piece suit of crêpe which is suitable, practical and smart all at the same time. It consists of a skirt on a foundation, a blouse and short, unlined coat. With different blouses it forms two distinct costumes. A striped sweater under the coat is chic; and with a crêpe de chine blouse, tucked or trimmed with bands of itself, or the suggested military effect shown in the suit illustrated here, the costume will be at home at any semi-formal affair.

For these suits there is nothing more attractive than a skirt pleated all the way around although it is more practical to have the pleats stop at the side and to leave the back plain.

Many of the crêpe de chine blouses are made sleeveless

By VIRGINIA DIBBLE

Illustration by Clara Ernst



This three-piece suit of crêpe de chine acquires a military swagger from its rows of narrow braid. It is from Bonwit, Teller & Company of New York

but I doubt if these will be popular. Fashion has decreed long sleeves and when that is so, a bare arm looks exceedingly bare. Besides this, a full

length bare arm is not in good taste for a girl, except when she is actively engaged in sports.

Sleeves are important this spring; so is the tight belt around the hips. The lower part of the sleeve may have bands of contrasting color to match bands around the hips. A white crêpe de chine blouse with bands of blue on the lower part of the sleeves and around the hips forms a charming costume with a blue suit. One daring stripe might venture up nearly to the natural waistline leaving quite a space between itself and the two bottom rows.

Ensembles with long coats will be worn also. A very beautiful one of beige gives the effect of a luscious mushroom or a puff of brown smoke. The long plain coat is of beige kasha lined with crêpe de chine of the same shade. The dress is trimmed only with tucks of the same crêpe. Worn with a soft hat of the same color these warm tones would be extremely pleasing on a brown haired girl.

Another advantage of such a suit is that the coat, all of one color and that a neutral one, will be equally successful worn over other frocks.

Another coat of dark blue has the lining and frock of pinkish flat crêpe with a small flower scattered over it lavishly.

The colors of spring are too tender for city streets. Dark blue, brown and oxford gray are best for tailored suits. The more informal suits of crêpe de chine, kasha, faille or

crêpe which come in dulled green, cinnamon brown, toast, rosewood, pomegranate red, Yale or china blue, and in white, banana and pink are for the country and shore.

And now, just a word about the accessories to be worn with the tailored suit. These small things are more important, perhaps, with this type of costume than with any other. Too much jewelry, the wrong kind of flower, a beaded bag, fancy shoes, elaborate stockings—all these, or even a single item—may ruin its smart simplicity.

Shoes should be plain and so should stockings, for they are to the feet what plain gloves are to the hands—by far the most flattering. If your legs are slender, by all means wear the light colored stockings that are fashionable now—otherwise cling to the darker and less obtrusive shades. Avoid plaid or checked stockings with the tailored suit; they are for sports wear.

A flower is a fashionable addition, but it must never be too large, and by no means should it be of chiffon or organdie or tulle. A gardenia, like the one on the suit in the illustration, is excellent for tailored wear, and so are small bunches of bachelor's buttons that come in various shades.

Let's Do Some Canning

With summer just around the corner, and early vegetables at their best, we may begin to think about canning and preserving

SUMMER brings vacation from books and school work and spells P-L-A-Y instead of S-T-U-D-Y for many a Girl Scout. Of course it's delightful to be free to go camping, or plan for hikes, or enjoy the bathing and canoeing on river and lake. All work and no play does make Jill a dull girl! But we mustn't be like the grasshopper in the old fable, who did nothing but dance and sing all summer long and then, when winter came, found himself without a bite to eat! On the other hand, the thrifty ant had worked all season and put away jar after jar of delicious honey and marmalade and grains, so that when bare winter arrived *she* had plenty!

I think it's very easy to combine work and play, and to do some preserving. Indeed, it seems to me that canning, making jelly or jam, as practised after simple and tested government methods, is really play. Especially when good scouts get together and share the work and fun and make money for their treasury.

We should not forget, however, that good wholesome canned goods can be bought so cheaply that unless the vegetables and fruits are grown in our garden or can be bought at very low prices from neighborhood farmers or markets, it often does not really pay to do our own canning nowadays. A Girl Scout is thrifty!

There are really two general methods of canning, one the open kettle, the other what is known as the "cold pack." In the open kettle method, the fruit or vegetables are cooked or sterilized in one kettle and the jars in another. This method is *always* used in making preserves, jams, jellies, marmalades and butters and sometimes for canning some of our fruits such as pears, peaches, berries and tomatoes.

In the cold pack method, which we are to discuss in this article, the fruit or vegetable is packed in the jars and both are sterilized together.

The following simple steps comprise the cold pack process no matter what the product—very soft fruits excepted:

1. Select material
2. Assemble equipment
3. Wash and test jars

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

Illustrations by Mildred Ann Owen



In the cold-pack method, the fruits or vegetables are packed in jars and both are sterilized together

4. Wash, sort, grade and cut the fruits or vegetables
5. Blanch in boiling water the time required for each variety
6. Cold dip in cold water
7. Pack whole, sliced or cut, using spoon to make pack solid
8. Add salt
9. Fill up with boiling water or syrup
10. Adjust rubbers and caps of jars and partially tighten
11. Sterilize required time according to food and outfit used
12. Remove jars from steamer, tighten caps, invert to cool, and test the seal
13. Wash and label
14. Wrap in paper or store in dark place to avoid fading

Before you begin to can, no matter what your method is to be, be sure that you understand in detail the recipe that is to be followed. Next, see that the table is as near the sink and range as possible for convenient work, and that all the accessories are arranged ready for use before you start. Have paring knives

sharpened, funnels and spoons and drainers all scalded, jars washed, tested and put on to sterilize if necessary, plenty of boiling water, salt, sugar, and cloths—anything needful just at hand so that not a moment will be lost while you are in the midst of the important work of counting the time of the canning process. Here you will require a clock, too, and remember that on accurate reading of the clock depends the final canning success.

In all canning you must refer to an exact sterilizing time-table, as worked out by state or government authority. The sterilizing time must always be counted from the moment *after* the water begins to boil (in a water-bath) or from the time the steam-pressure reaches the desired point—never before! The exact number of minutes will depend on the vegetables or fruit you are handling, the method and also on the kind of outfit used. Such time-tables accompany many canning leaflets.

The most common equipment used for the cold pack process is the hot-water bath outfit. This includes the old-

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Anne admitted that she had just finished baking some cookies. At Grandma's bidding she brought out a plate of them and some glasses for milk and they had a party, sitting around the kitchen table. The boy ate an amazing number of the cookies. He laughed a great deal. He told them that he never had had such a good time!

A Prince Passes

When Grandma was a girl she had known a prince who had kissed her hand before he rode away—but, "No one has adventures nowadays," Anne would have told you

ANNE CLAPP was in the kitchen peeling potatoes when she heard a knock. "Why, it's the front door," she exclaimed to her sister Molly. "Whoever can it be at the front door?"

Both girls were startled. Few stopped at the front door of the Clapp farmhouse for two reasons, one that it had such a shut-up-tight look and the other that the steps leading to it tilted so crazily. A trim path edged on both sides with petunias led invitingly to the back door and callers invariably took that, even Elder Merriweather on official duty.

"You go," directed Molly. "I'm a mess." She was engaged in beating a cake; her apron was smeared with batter and her sleeves rolled to her elbows.

With considerable difficulty Anne opened the heavy old door. On the step, one hand steadying herself against the door portal, stood a middle-aged woman. Over her shoulder Anne saw an automobile waiting in the road, a man motionless at its wheel. Anne did not know the woman nor had she ever seen the splendor of the robin's-egg blue car around Marysville.

"Good afternoon. Is this the Clapp house? May I come in?" But the stranger did not wait for Anne to invite her; she brushed past her and walked into the hall. Bewildered, Anne followed her.

In the parlor the stranger sat down on the old horse-hair sofa. As she did so she ran her ungloved hand over its smooth cushioning. "Ah, the real thing," she murmured with a sigh of satisfaction. Then she smiled at Anne. "I am Mrs. Gerald Frotheringham of New York. I have been told that I might find some old stuff in your house—" She paused and her eyes shot greedily around the room.

"Is your mother at home? Or someone—a little older?" "I am fifteen," Anne answered quickly. "No, my mother isn't home. She and Dad have gone over to Danbury to get my grandmother who has been visiting Uncle William. My sister—" Anne was going to explain that her sister, who was older, was at home, when Mrs. Frotheringham cut in.

"Ah, I see! They've left you to keep house." Her voice was soft like velvet. "Then I am sure, my dear, you will not mind if I look around a little?"

"Why, no—" Anne began, then stopped short from sheer

By
JANE ABBOTT

Illustrations by
Garret Price



He bowed over Grandma's hand and kissed it

bewilderment. A queer woman!

Mrs. Frotheringham already had risen and was heading toward the nearest door. Anne had no choice but to follow her.

A little trickle of fear was creeping down Anne's spine. The woman was crazy, maybe. Anne remembered the stories in the village about old Pete Newton when he went crazy. Her lips moved to call Molly, then closed on the word. Old Pete had killed a man. If this crazy woman was to kill anyone it must not be Molly!

Mrs. Frotheringham appeared contented with going from room to room. She examined everything in each room and made notes in a little book she took from her pocket.

"Now I'll go upstairs," she said to Anne. She added, smiling at Anne's frightened face, "I am not going to eat you, child. I am a connoisseur in antiques."

Anne was not certain what a connoisseur was. She never had heard that Pete Newton was *that*. She began to have more courage. She was glad the woman had not gone into the kitchen.

The "connoisseur" went into each bedroom in turn, examining bric-a-brac, pictures, chairs, bedspreads. She ran her fingers over the wood of beds and bureaus. She made entries in her notebook. Anne heard her murmur, "Spool bed—wood doubtful."

"Of all the nerve!" thought Anne, furious.

The intruder finished with Anne's grandmother's room. Anne watched her from the doorway. Bed, spread, chairs, pictures, she looked at them all. Then she made a little rush to the whatnot in the corner and took up a squatty blue pitcher.

"A real prince gave that pitcher to my grandmother," explained Anne, coldly. "She's ever so proud of it."

"A real prince?" Mrs. Frotheringham's velvet voice gently suggested doubt.

"Yes. A real prince. If Grandma was here she'd tell you about it. It's her favorite story. She tells everybody. She was visiting her folks in England. It was a long time ago for Grandma is over eighty now. One day the prince was riding that way and his horse stumbled and threw him in front of the cottage where Grandma's folks lived. His ankle was hurt. Grandma was alone in the house but she helped him in and she heated some water and put hot

cloths on his ankle and he was very grateful. Oh, she tells it much better than I can!" went on Anne, forgetting her irritation. "She remembers every word he said and just how he looked. And when he felt better and someone came to take him away, he asked her what he could do to repay her for her kindness and she told him she did not want anything for, of course, she didn't. And the next week a messenger came with a box and it had that lovely pitcher in it and there was a note from the prince himself but that was burned in a fire. Grandma saved the pitcher but she couldn't save the note."

"A pretty story!" Mrs. Frotheringham smiled indulgently. She started toward the stairs. And she carried the pitcher in her hand.

Anne stalked doggedly at her heels. Mrs. Frotheringham went back into the parlor. She did not sit down now, she stood in the center of the room, the pitcher in one hand, the notebook in the other.

"I'm a little disappointed in what I've found," she said. "Of course this horse-hair set is good and that clock in the dining room. Let me see—" She referred to her notebook. "There were three fiddle-back chairs upstairs—"

"Why, but this is all our own furniture," Anne protested. "It isn't for sale. We have to use it!"

"Of course you have to have furniture. But wouldn't it be nice to sell some of this old furniture and have brand-new? For instance, I will pay you ten dollars apiece for those fiddle-back chairs and surely you can buy good ones for less than that at your village store and have some money left over. Your mother would be proud of your business sense, my dear!" Now the voice was more velvety than ever.

Anne wished she had called Molly. Molly would know how to handle this stranger. "If you want to come later when Dad and Mother are home—they'll be back tomorrow," Anne stammered.

"My time is too valuable to spend it driving all over the country," Mrs. Frotheringham snapped. She slipped the notebook into her pocket in an irritated manner. Then she looked at the pitcher.

"I will give you fifty dollars for this."

Anne gasped. Fifty dollars seemed a great deal of money for a squat blue pitcher. But it was Grandma's—

"We will sell it to you for one hundred," spoke Molly from the doorway. Molly had removed her apron; she looked very grown-up.

Mrs. Frotheringham was startled at Molly's appearance. All at once she seemed in a great hurry. She tucked the pitcher under her arm, opened her

purse and drew out a great, fat, impressive roll of bills.

"I am Miss Clapp," Molly went on in a grand manner. "I heard you talking to my sister. Of course we will not sell any of the furniture. We know those fiddle-back chairs are worth much more than ten dollars apiece. And I know what that pitcher is worth. The design was made for the royal family and it cannot be copied because the pattern was destroyed by royal command. You can see the royal coat of arms on the bottom of it. It's cheap at one hundred."

Anne stared at Molly; this Molly, speaking in a cool, business-like tone was a stranger to her. She had never heard about the royal command nor noticed any coat of arms on the bottom of the pitcher; she'd observed only curious marks like chicken tracks.

In a twinkling Mrs. Frotheringham had placed five twenty-dollar bills in Molly's hand and was out of the door. Through the window Anne saw her enter the robin's-egg blue car and whirl away in a cloud of dust, and with Grandma's pitcher!

Then Anne found her voice. "Oh, Molly, you shouldn't—"

Molly was waving the bills over her head. "Look at them, Anne! One hundred dollars! The old skinflint. I heard her all the time. Offering ten dollars apiece for those chairs! Well, I fooled her at her own game. I don't believe that pitcher's worth a dollar—"

"It is to Grandma," persisted Anne soberly.

"Don't stand there looking so scared," Molly laughed. "Don't you think Grandma will see herself that the money is worth more than the pitcher? Now Dad and Mother can go down to Florida to visit Ted this winter like they've always wanted to do and never could afford. I guess Grandma will like that."

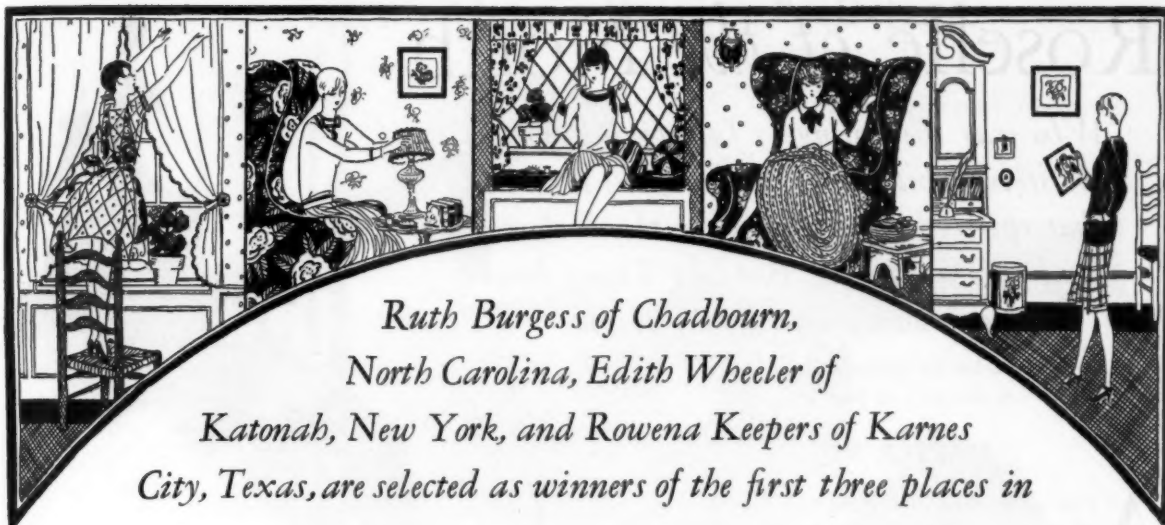
"She loved the pitcher," repeated Anne. She was frightened at what Molly had done.

"Well, she can go on telling her story about it just the same, though goodness knows I'm tired hearing her. Now we'd better hurry up supper if we're going to get down to the school play."

Anne went back to her potatoes. She did not think Dad and Mother would want the trip to Florida at the expense of Grandma's pitcher, nor did she think they were tired of hearing Grandma tell the story. Of course Grandma did tell it over and over, even to the same folks, but everyone expected it—that was Grandma. They always listened. They knew it made Grandma happy to tell it. And with the pitcher gone maybe Grandma would not tell it any more, like Jennie Jones would not talk about her boy after he'd been killed in the war. Anne loved Grandma's story. Ever since she was a little girl she made a game of listening to it. She'd sit very still and listen and make herself Grandma, Grand-
(Continued on page 38)



A little trickle of fear crept down Anne's spine; the woman was crazy, maybe



“My Own Room” Contest

ICAN'T tell you what fun it has been to read all your letters. I can picture you to myself—each of you in the lovely room that you have made. And no two of the rooms were alike! Some of you like dainty feminine rooms, with frilly ruffles and exquisite needlework; some of you prefer nice practical rooms; some of you like gay rooms, very bright with color. Which proves that you have all done your rooms well because, after all, our rooms, like our homes and our gardens and our clothes, should express our own individuality. We don't want to be just like anybody else in the world nor do we want to live in just the same sort of room.

Not only did your letters give me a picture of you yourselves in your own surroundings, but they showed me that many of you study your problems very carefully and that you understand a great deal about color combinations, furniture arrangements and the putting in of the finishing touches which make a room homelike. What pleased me most of all was that so many of you did the actual work yourselves, scrubbing down walls, papering, painting woodwork and furniture, making curtains and bedspreads and lampshades, embroidering bureau scarfs and many other things. I am proud to know you!

Your suggestions for our “Girls' Own Room” page were splendid. Most of you have very definite ideas of what you wish to know—and I am going to use as many of them as I possibly can in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. For we are going to have this page in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* just as soon as we can. It will take a while to plan it so that just what you wish will be on it. But it will come! And every month, two or more of the girls who sent in letters for this contest will be my Assistant Editors, with their names heading the article, beside mine.

Now for the best letters. I can't tell you how difficult it was to decide. I wish every one could be especially mentioned! Every letter but one was written by a girl who had actually helped make her own room or her Girl Scout room. That one letter was written by a girl whose room is only a dream room. This is how hers started: “Though I have never helped to make a room attractive, I have al-

By HELEN PERRY CURTIS

Illustration by Harriet Moncure

ways longed to and writing what I would do if I could will be almost as nice. I am going to make believe this has really happened, so I hope you won't mind it not being true.” And because her letter is so splendid and shows such real imagination, she has earned a place on our Honorable Mention List.

To Ruth Burgess of Chadbourn, N. C., is awarded first place; to Edith Wheeler of Katonah, N. Y. (formerly of Troop 2, Mount Vernon, N. Y.) second place, and to Rowena Keepers of Red Rose Troop 1, Karnes City, Texas, third place for her description of her troop's room. Ruth and Edith both described their own rooms. Here are the girls' letters and our Honorable Mention list which is very long because each girl's letter was so very good. The girl who wrote about her dream room is Therselda Kaplan of Troop 47, New York City.

MY ROOM

*by Ruth Burgess, 15
Chadbourn, N. C.*

My room was all right as far as it went. That's just the trouble, it did not go far enough, for it had absolutely no character. But it had possibilities, I must admit, and that's why I am writing this.

It is just the right size, large enough for me to spread myself and my belongings around. It has an alcove which is just right for a bed and a small table.

Well, the bed and dressing table were white; the dresser I saw would do very well, if only it had not been painted an ugly brown; and a small chair which during a spurt of energy, I had enameled orange. The other things I decided were all right—a big easy chair with a small green desk all ready for nights before tests when I dig into Caesar, a green chest heaped with pillows, and a green flower stand on which there was a bowl of narcissus.

Mother agreed to furnish the paint, for thus I had determined must be the fate of my furniture.

(Continued on page 43)

Roselle of the North

*Who was the strangely familiar figure in
the silver white canoe? Whose was the hand
that spirited Roselle away in the darkness?
And once again the Bat-like Thing hovers
ominously over Little River*

*For what has happened so far
in this story see page 36*

CHAPTER VII

AFTER such an exciting night and the fatigues of so much canoe paddling Kaska ordered a great feed and a long sleep for all concerned. "In the dawn," he said, "Plenty Salmon will lead our fur canoes on the way to Fort Essex. He will take my place. It seems only right that I should go, instead, to Little River, because I am a warrior who has taken many scalps and stolen many Sioux horses. Therefore I should take this risk, rather than another."

"You are always brave, Kaska," said his loyal wife.

"It is becoming in men and warriors to be brave," Matilla put in. She nudged Pamak, who nodded. "Women, on the contrary, are chiefly renowned for their modesty. Doubtless, the modesty of Pamak saved her from the spirits of Evil Island, as, later, my modesty added to hers put the wicked men to flight."

At this Kaska laughed.

"Matilla, your tongue is sharper than my knife. Cree women have ever been noble and brave in time of peril. But, since the spirits gave to women so many virtues and charms—besides sharp tongues—it is necessary for men to beat loud drums about their own strength and prowess in war and hunting. Otherwise we might become slaves in our own tents."

"Kaska," said Pamak, "the spirits gave you the handsomest face among the Crees, and the good gift of laughter, as well. How full of fun we used to be when we were children! I knew that Flying Heart, as she tells me she is now called, would have a happy life with you and Sikawa."

"And with me," said Unripe Nut, who never liked to be left out of a discussion, especially if compliments were involved.

"Be quiet!" Matilla gave her a stern look.

"As for Matilla's modesty," Kaska went on, "while we all honor her, because she is so wise a wife and mother in the tent of Loud Thunder, it is nevertheless well understood among us that she is the real chief of our branch of the Crees!"

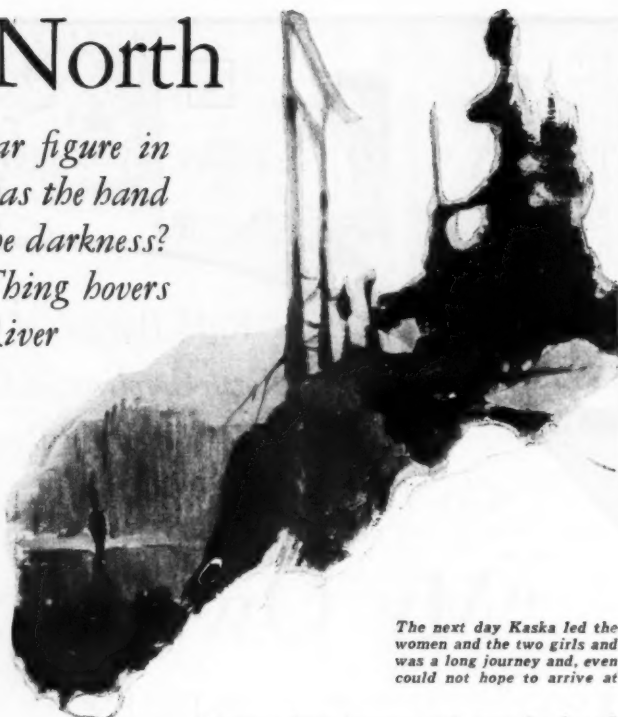
A roar of laughter went round which made Matilla's eyes snap and her cheeks burn.

"Just the same," she announced, "Pamak and I are going to Little River! For, personally, I have no doubt that you strong warriors will need both our rifles and our advice!"

"Nimama!" Unripe Nut wailed. "I, too, am going!"

"Oh, of course," Matilla gave her a light slap. "I would be afraid to leave you at home, not knowing what mischief you would get into. You are too much my own daughter!" She laughed.

The next day Kaska led the party which included the two women and the two girls and three of Kaska's cousins.



The next day Kaska led the women and the two girls and was a long journey and, even could not hope to arrive at

It was a long journey and, even by forced marches, they could not hope to arrive before the next day.

"Are you sure that the Sabys had only so few companions?" Kaska asked Pamak.

"I know of no more. But it is always possible that they had more men and sent them to Little River."

"Early tomorrow I will send one of my cousins ahead as a scout," Kaska decided.

They planned to camp and sleep for only a few hours just before dawn, using the moonlight for a travelling guide as long as it lasted.

As on the previous night, the silver lamp of the Sky-Woman shone fitfully, for the wind was amusing itself by tearing clouds to pieces and blowing black tatters over the moon. In one of these swift plays of light and shadow they launched the birchbark canoe, which they carried, upon one of the small lakes dotting this part of the country. They were half way across when the sharp ears of Unripe Nut caught between the cousins' paddle-strokes the sound of another paddle. While they waited in silence, with paddles at rest, to make certain of the place and the direction of the unseen boatman, a sudden-falling shaft of silver touched a small white canoe, looking like a water lily as it slipped over the pond, and outlined a man's head and shoulders above the arc of water and sky. An instant later the stranger was hidden.

"He has seen us also," Kaska remarked gravely. "That is bad."

"It was not Peter," said Pamak. "He knelt too straight in his canoe. He paddled like an Indian."

"Perhaps it was an Indian *voyageur* of the Hudson's Bay Company, who may have heard of the house at Little River," Matilla suggested.

"Why do you weep, dear Flying Heart?" Unripe Nut whispered. She had heard a low smothered sob from Roselle.

"It is natural that I should feel sad in going back to Little River," Roselle replied. She did not want to tell any one that the fleeting glimpse she had had of the man in the canoe had made her think of Dark Fontaine and of the

By CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

Illustrations by Frank Schoonover



party which included the two
three of Kaska's cousins. It
by forced marches, they
Little River before next day

many happy hours she had spent canoeing with him across the watery stretches of the long trails they had traveled together.

"Lie down in the bottom of the canoe, *Nictim*, (my daughter) so that if your enemies are near they cannot see you," Kaska commanded gently. Roselle, still dreaming sadly of other canoe journeys, obeyed him. She lay with her head in the lap of Unripe Nut, who softly stroked her cheek.

"Now," said Kaska, "we appear to be but an Indian family, not bent on any serious business since we have women with us. We must be watchful, yet not make our movements too furtive, in case we are being watched. Let us quite openly coast along the shore, as if making for a known landing place. But all the while we will try to discover where the lonely *voyageur* landed. If he is an innocent man, seeing an Indian family, he will hail us and talk with us. If he does not greet us, that is proof that he has evil business in this part of the country."

"Kaska," Pamak said, "you and I are too well known to Peter and Jim for them to mistake us. We also should sit low in the boat. They do not know our cousins well enough to be sure of them at night. And they never saw Matilla and Unripe Nut."

"My daughter and I will sing," said Matilla. "Perhaps they—"

"I will sing first," Unripe Nut interrupted. "I will sing the woodland Charm-Song to my dear Flying Heart." She lifted up her shrill but not unpleasing young voice and chanted one of the brief songs which are so popular among the Indians:

"What are you saying to me?
I am arrayed like the roses,
And beautiful as they!"

In her turn, Matilla sang the tiny Spring-Song and blended with it the shorter mystic Wind-Song, which latter was only a line.

"As my eyes
Search the prairie,
I feel the summer in the spring,
The wind is carrying me round the sky."

But no friendly voice hailed them from the wooded shore. Nor could they find marks in the sand to show where the solitary canoe-man had landed. They coasted back and made their own landing in silence, under cover of the clouds. Uncertain of what events might meet them on the dark forest trail, nevertheless they dared not camp on the beach as they had at first intended. They pushed on until they were within a few miles of Little River.

It was pitch dark, the moon having set. The thick growth of the trees made the last hours of the night even blacker around them. Roselle thought of the dark space above the rafters of the house at Little River and wondered if the "bat-like thing" still hung there waiting for a chance to work new evils. To what wickedness would it inspire the cruel Saby brothers now? While they lay down to sleep, with a scout on guard, Roselle, who could not sleep, thought of the past until it seemed to her that her heart would burst. In time, feeling that dawn must be near, she rose and looked up, trying to see the sky. Stepping noiselessly, she went among the trees to the place where the scout was posted. She was eager to ask him if he had seen or heard anything.

She could not see him in the dense blackness until she was upon him. In fact, she almost stepped on him where he lay at the foot of a tree. Roselle knew that it would be a very serious matter for him if he had fallen asleep while a camp was entrusted to his guardianship. His relationship to Kaska would not save him from punishment and from disgrace which would endure all his life. She bent down to him, whispered his name.

At that moment a hand was clapped over her mouth and then a blanket was thrown over her head. Silenced and almost strangled in its folds, she was swept off her feet by strong rough arms. Then she was carried by someone who ran. She was almost fainting from the smothering folds of the blanket when, at last, she was unwrapped from them and laid on the ground. The first thing she saw was a candle. It stood where she, herself, had often placed lighted candles for Pamak or for Dark Fontaine—in the centre of the table in the cabin at Little River. A swarthy, bearded man, whom she had never seen before, sat in Fontaine's old seat at the table. She glanced up at her captor. He was a French-Canadian *voyageur*, a type she knew well.

"You didn't have to use your gun, I hope, Jacques," the man in Fontaine's seat said.

"Me? *Non!* I choke one Indian till he go to sleep. That's all. You say better not kill. I not kill. This small woman got nice red hair. *Hein?*" He grinned at Roselle in a friendly fashion. "Don't you be scare'. I not hurt you."

"Nobody will hurt you," said the other man.

Then suddenly he swore and beat about his head with his long mitten. A bat had dropped from the dark space under the roof to make a wild circle round the candle. Roselle shivered as she watched it.

"The bat-like thing!" she muttered, with quivering lips.

CHAPTER VIII

The Shadow of Dark Fontaine

"What for Peter think he get money for her from H. B. C.?" Jacques asked. He squatted by the low burning fire and filled his pipe slowly from a worn leather pouch.

"The H. B. C. won't pay it to him," the other man responded. "It isn't them as wants the girl. But some folks have come to Fort Essex all the way from back East some place, looking for this girl. There's a reward for her. The folks are going to take her away to where they come from, to Quebec likely."

Roselle, listening, began to tremble. Strange "folks" coming to take her away, far away from her forest and her Cree friends, far away from the wild home of Dark Fontaine's spirit! Surely, the bat-like thing had never before worked an evil so cruel, so dread, as this! Oh, where was Kaska? If he and his companions would only come now! They could overcome these two men and rescue her and take her home to her kind mother, Sikawa.

Roselle's frantic hope was almost instantly quenched. The door opened to admit Peter and Jim Saby.

"Hello, Roselle," Jim said, with an awkward attempt at friendliness.

Peter said nothing. He stood looking down at her for a moment, an expression of mean triumph in his pale small eyes. He listened and nodded approval while Jacques told, humorously, how he had captured her after silencing the Cree scout.

"It was cheaper than trying to buy her from Kaska," Peter said. "I've already paid that dog of an Indian too much for one woman. Pamak turned out a dead loss to me. Guess that's what she is, all right, by now—dead and lost from scare!" He grinned maliciously.

"Pamak wasn't a bad lot," said Jim. "I always got along with her. You expected too much when you thought she'd

let you kill and rob Kaska's band without saying a word."

"Look here!" Peter snarled. "I'm boss, Jim, and I take no talk like yours from any man, nor squaw! Dark Fontaine tried to cross me. And Dark Fontaine is dead! Pamak tried it. And Pamak's dead by now, or wishes she was! There was a man, years ago, down on the St. Lawrence river, that tried to cross me. And so did his redheaded wife. I'm not saying what happened to them. Anyhow, I've got nothing against them now. If they'd done what I wanted, then, I wouldn't be getting a reward at Fort Essex now for this redheaded girl who's the image of that woman! And the reward is more than they did me out of!" He laughed shortly.

"Well, Pete," said the man at the table, "nobody's trying to cross you here. So act peaceable. We're all friends, and we are looking to you for our share of the reward."

"And you'll get it, Rowley," Peter answered. He flung himself down on a bale of furs. "Isn't the stuff in that pot done yet?" he demanded. "We've got to eat quick and get out of here."

"Pretty near cooked," said Jacques.

Jim, who was plainly nervous, threw more wood on the fire, and looked into the pot.

"It's cooked enough!" he said. "Let's eat. Seems to me you're taking it pretty easy, Peter. Forgetting that Kaska and a band of Crees are likely to bust in on us any minute?"

"I ain't afraid of Kaska," Peter went to the table, however, and let Jacques serve him. "I'd just as soon take Kaska with me to Fort Essex and hand him over to the H. B. C. as the murderer of Dark Fontaine." He laughed. "I've got this job fixed so I can't lose, no matter which way

the squirrel jumps," he boasted.

"Is Francois on guard outside?"

Jim asked Rowley. "I didn't see him as I came in."

"Yes. It'll start to get light pretty soon, so I guess he's moved off behind some trees to hide himself if the Crees send a scout to look the ground over."

"Well, let's hurry then," Jim said. "We've got to get started. We ought to be away from here before the first streak of dawn."

"Getting scared?" Peter sneered.

"No!" Jim retorted angrily.

"Only it ain't my taste to linger."

He finished his meal in gulps and began pulling down the furs. They had evidently examined the bales and had sorted out those which were still in good condition. Scraps of fur were scattered all over the floor in remembrance of visits paid to the cabin by a wolverine and some owls, possibly by foxes as well.

"Never saw so many bats in my life," Jim grumbled. "They were snuggled in back of the bales along the wall. Always hated bats. Jacques, give the girl some food. No need to starve her."

"Jim Saby," Roselle said turning her clear strange hazel eyes on him, "I thank you for the food. Do you and Peter not remember a tale Pamak used to tell, about a bat-like thing?"

"Sure, I remember it," Jim replied, "always made me creepy."

"What about it?" Peter demanded sneeringly. "The bat spirit is my friend. It killed Dark Fontaine and Pamak. And it'll kill you if you give me any trouble!"

Roselle smiled oddly.



ALIDA SIMS MALKUS

Writes our new serial

Raquel of the Ranch Country

And some of the incidents are right out of her own life, for she herself was marooned in a mine in Mexico and made a thrilling escape through the bandit country. In spite of being an author - - you remember her *Through Hidden Windows* - - Alida Sims Malkus is very like a girl herself, for she is a small gay person with blond bobbed hair and wide blue eyes that sparkle engagingly

"I am Flying Heart," she said. "It cannot kill me. Are you so sure, Peter—so very sure—that Dark Fontaine and Pamak are dead?"

"What you mean?" Peter sprang up and stood over her. "Don't you sit grinning like that! You tell me what you mean. Or I'll finish you!"

"If you kill me, Peter, you will lose much money," Roselle answered. Though she was trembling, she still smiled. Rowley rose and took hold of Peter's arm placatingly.

"Here, now," he said. "You want to keep cool. Anyway, it's time to be starting."

"Yes. Let's move quick," said Jim. "I wish the girl hadn't said that. Sounded just like she knew something about Fontaine and Pamak. Golly, Peter! We don't *know* either of them's dead!"

"Stop croaking!" Peter cried hoarsely. "Or brother or no brother, I'll choke you till you're stiff as a dead fox!"

In spite of Rowley's soothing words there might have been a serious row, if the watchman, Francois, had not burst in with the news that Kaska was in the fringe of the forest near the cabin.

"They'll rush us or fire on us as we try for the canoes!" Jim exclaimed. His face was white.

"The cabin hides the trail to the water," said Rowley, "but they can see the door."

"The window?" Jacques suggested.

"Yes!" Peter cried. He tore out the thin greased cotton which served as window glass. "Throw out the furs!" he commanded. Jim and Francois obeyed hastily. First Francois and then Jacques jumped out and picked up the bales and ran down the trail with them towards the water. Rowley, a heavy, not too agile man, clambered out next, reached for his rifle which Peter handed him, and then ran after the two French-Canadians.

"You next, Jim," said Peter. "And I'll hand you our rifles and the girl. But don't you move till I get out. I'm going to—"

His words were cut short by shots. Jim's pale face went a shade whiter.

"Kaska's seen them," he muttered. "Hurry. If the Crees



To Peter's menacing fury, she answered with another mocking laugh, and beat about his eyes with the hand he tried vainly to hamper

break into the cabin by the door now, you and I are done for!"

Peter, his eyes glaring, swore at his brother for a coward. He fairly shoved Jim through the window and tossed Roselle out to him as roughly as if she had been a bundle of pelts. He followed with the guns.

The dark was thinning now, and the Crees were advancing from the woods, crawling flat through the grass and firing steadily at the door. Apparently it was Kaska's plan to keep the Sabys within the house by making it certain death to any one of them to open the door. He could hold them prisoners there until they surrendered Roselle. If they held out too long he was prepared to burn the cabin over their heads, or shoot them from above. It was an old Indian strategy to crawl upon the roof of a white man's cabin, cut a hole in it, and shoot the inmates. Unripe Nut was keen for the adventure

of roof-shooting. Her loyal and fierce Indian heart burned for the honor of firing the first deadly shot into the head of one of the cruel captors of her beloved friend.

It was Matilla who made the discovery that the Sabys and their companions were getting away through another exit. She whispered it to Pamak, who was nearest her.

"The window!" Pamak exclaimed. "I never thought of it!"

Matilla fired after the figures, which she could see only dimly, because of the dull gray light and the bushes and trees, now in full leaf, which overhung the river trail.

"Quick!" Kaska called to his cousins. "Run back and get our canoe. If these men escape us here, we shall have to follow them on the tide of Little River."

The men raced back into the woods. Kaska shouted: "Peter Saby! Let Flying Heart come to us, and we will let you go free."

A wild shot from Jim's rifle answered him. From behind a tree, Jim was trying to cover his brother's retreat with Roselle. Because Peter had all he could do to handle the girl, who was struggling wildly now that she heard her friends so near, he could not also carry his gun. Though

(Continued on page 36)



A wind-blown Norway pine, drawn by Julia Morton, Troop 3, Montclair, New Jersey

Our Bluebirds

LAST summer, for the second time, we had bluebirds nesting in our box. On the 30th of April, 1924, I saw a pair of bluebirds come into the yard, and examine the box. They must have decided that they liked it, because two days later the female bluebird made about fifty-nine trips to the box, carrying grass for a nest.

By June the bluebirds had had eggs, which had hatched. An English sparrow then came around and bothered them considerably. He would go into the box and the birds would flutter around helplessly, unable to enter. We were worried and opened the box to see what the matter was. Then we found out what had happened:

The sparrow had determined to have that box, and so had gone in and pecked the babies to death! After the poor things were buried, and the box cleaned out, he would come back, and sit in or on top of the box, and jabber, jabber, jabber. The parents repeatedly came back with insects, but they realized that the babies were hurt, and would not go in. Even after the box had been cleaned out, they returned with food for a whole day.

Then the parents went to a neighbor's box and raised an unmolested brood of three.

One September morning I noticed some bluebirds in the yard, soon more arrived, then more, until the yard was filled with about eight or ten bluebirds flying hither and thither, about the box and around the yard. They stayed about half an hour before leaving. Every few days for a little while bluebirds would come and hang around the box for a minute or two. Once there were seven, but usually there were only two or three of them who came at the same time.

The Beholder

"Beauty is in the eye of the Beholder"

This page is written and illustrated by Girl Scouts. On it are published your letters, not more than 275 words in length, telling of something interesting you have seen outdoors. You may also draw in india ink beadings and illustrations for this page, as well as send in your nature photographs. Give your name, age and troop number. To every girl whose contribution is accepted, the Beholder will award a book

I hope next summer we shall have some more, but I hope that the disagreeable sparrows will leave them unmolested.

HARRIET DYER ADAMS,
Troop 12, Syracuse, N. Y.

Blacky, A Friend of Mine

At the foot of the porch-steps wiggled a little, slim, black and green colored fellow. When he saw Ruth and me he paused in his ramblings, held up his head, stuck out his tiny forked tongue, and wiggled his sensitive little tail. And, his mother evidently not having taught him good manners, he sat there and stared and stared!

He had the beadiest black eyes and such a large mouth in proportion to his head, that he looked simply ferocious in his small way. He wasn't much larger than your shoe-string, and not very much longer. He wore a beautiful black suit, with a green stripe on the back of his coat, and he stuck out his tiny forked tongue. And such a tail as he had! Really, he was all tail; his body was so thin.

"Plop!" dropped Ruth's book, and like a flash the visitor wheeled about and sped through the grass.

"What kind of snake was that?" asked Ruth.

"A baby grass-snake," said I, "and just about the most harmless little creature from the woods and swamps. When I was ten years old, I saw my first grass snake in the Rock River Valley. I decided then I'd learn more about them. So I sat near our wood-pile, by the river, and waited and waited. Late in the afternoon of the second day, from out of a hole in the wood-pile, a little fellow not much larger than the one you have just seen, came worming his way out cautiously. I think he saw me before I saw him. At any rate, he paused to consider and weigh his chances. I scarcely breathed, for fear I might frighten him away.

"Evidently thinking I meant him no harm, he again commenced his slow crawl from the crevice. I was watching breathlessly. Was the nest in there? Where was he going? And where were his brothers and sisters?

"When the snake had completed his journey to the surface, he once more stopped to stare at me. By this time he was beginning to take me for granted, and after a second's glance in my direction, he continued on his way, easily sliding to the ground from the wood-pile. Off towards the river he flew, and I in pursuit, at a safe distance. I wanted to see where he was going, but did not want him to think I was chasing him. Nearing some marsh-grass on the edge of the river, he paused, looked all around, and then liquidly slid into the grass and seemed to be lost.

"Stealthily I came up to the marsh-grass and more stealthily I parted the

(Continued on page 57)

The Gypsy Maid's Spring

A gypsy maid ran carefree, wild,
Flaunting her colors to the wind.
Her vagrant soul laughed
Gleefully,
At those who by the wayside
Stood
And hearkened not to Spring's glad song.
Why, 'twas the time for twinkling toes
To follow the chuckling brook,
To heed the wind's melodies,
To wander afar . . .
O'er hill and dale . . .
An they so dared.

BERNICE GIBBS
Los Angeles, California

Outdoor Adventures

By BERTHA CHAPMAN CADY

They are waiting for you just outside your door; and mysteries, too, with cunningly hidden clues, that you may follow to your own thrilling solution

"OH, DEAR! There just isn't anything new anywhere," sighed Ellie as she sat beneath the willow trees overlooking the lake at Camp Andrée. "Everything has been seen a thousand times before I was born and I am tired of doing it all over again. I wish I could do something that nobody has done before."

It was not such a bad suggestion after all. And it set me to thinking how little we realize the vast unexplored fields in nature which are waiting for someone to care enough to look and learn and tell other people about them. Ellie had no sooner finished speaking than I found myself running over in my mind the many things I wished I might know or had time to discover. There really is so much that is new to find out! There are still many new things under the old sun.

What are they? And can a girl who is interested actually do some discovering? You can, if you will. A friend of mine, now eighty years old, is always discovering something new and fascinating. With his friends, young and old, he goes out-of-doors and tells stories in the open. He not only observes and writes his nature stories, but he sets the type, prints and binds his own books and makes his own illustrations—an idea which, incidentally your troop may wish to try.

He says, "Looking back at my own experience in nature study, I can say that my inspiration has always come from what I have actually seen out-of-doors and from the study of individual specimens. Once my interest was awakened in anything which came to hand, whether it was a bird, or a reptile or a mammal, plant or mineral, I could not rest until I found out all about it. Its origin—whether plant or animal—how it grew, in short, everything I could learn about it through my own observations."

And he goes on to tell of some common insects which need to be studied, insects which you can study and so become a real discoverer, if you will. "As far as I know, there has been nothing like a complete life history of the ant lions. A few years ago, I spent two seasons while at my summer camp studying one of them and even brought home a number of living larvae. Although I made careful notes on what I observed concerning these very interesting insects, there is so much that is still left to learn that I have never published anything about them."

What are ant lions? What are they

White Birches, drawn by Martha Dews, Troop 1, Little Falls, New Jersey. The drawings on this and the facing page won honorable mention in The American Girl drawing contest



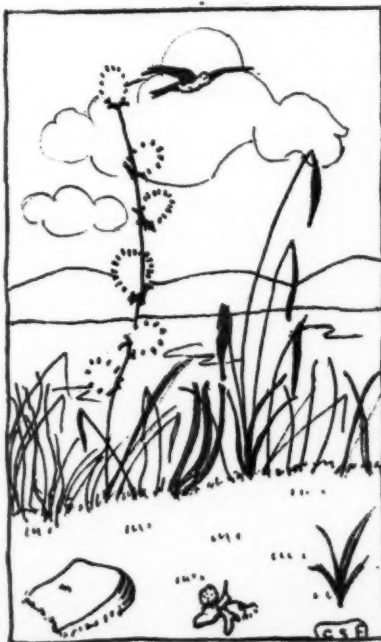
like and what do they do? Some Girl Scouts are already at work answering these and many other questions about them. And if any girl who reads this finds ant lions in her neighborhood, she may put them in a box with some sand and mail them to me at National Headquarters: I shall be delighted to have them for my own discovering.

Is there anything else that needs to be discovered? Much. White ants, for example. White ants offer particularly interesting objects for study, and the life history of our northern species is far from complete. Betty, a California girl, has taken up this challenge and is already learning a great deal about white ants from her observations. Much is still to be discovered about our ants. The various inhabitants of ants' nests are very interesting. One girl whom I know whose name is Ella is making an ant nest for her study.

Yes. One of the most interesting things a girl can do is to observe insects and write the story of what she sees. Fabre's book, "Social Life in the Insect World" and Wheeler's "Social Life of Insects" are not only very interesting—they will give you ideas of how you may go about your own studies, using some of the more common insects which you see all about you.

The habits of bees and their relation to flower pollination have been only imperfectly studied here. This is a very good subject, especially if careful drawings are made showing the structure of the flowers and the bees' mouth parts. A handbook of

(Continued on page 49)



Pussy Willows in Blossom, drawn by Caroline Fuller, Troop 118, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania



"And it Grew and it

Green things pushing heavenward—that's good brown earth that has suddenly grown sun! Spades and hoes and packages of

In Morristown, New Jersey *Each girl of Troop 3 had her garden*

LAST spring Troop 3 of Morristown decided they would like to work on the Gardener's Merit Badge through the summer, and so their Captain consulted the Morristown Garden Club, Mrs. George Seeley, who has been head of the children's gardens in Summit for several years, and several other local expert gardeners on the ways and means of carrying out this plan. From these experts she gathered practical suggestions as well as garden literature, and finally formed a Committee on Inspection of Gardens. Each Girl Scout had her own garden, and took the Gardener Merit Badge requirements as the standard for it. Only those Girl Scouts who fulfilled the requirements received the badge at the end of the summer, but every girl could compete in the final vegetable and flower show (for which prizes were offered by another friend). The inspectors visited the gardens in June, July, and August.



Expert direction is being given this young farmer at Dellwood, the Indianapolis Girl Scout camp

"In September when the show was held we felt proud of our gardeners," writes Mrs. Willard V. King, the captain. "In spite of little rain in July and too much in August, and swarms of mosquitoes such as not even New Jersey had known in years, the girls made a creditable showing. There were all sorts of late flowers and vegetables, even potatoes. The committee had a difficult time deciding on the winners, for all the exhibits were so fine. This season our local garden experts will give the young gardeners talks on gardening, point out mistakes we made the first summer, and suggest improvements in our methods. We hope that other Girl Scouts will join us. Eventually we even plan to offer vacation jobs to the most promising gardeners."

San Antonio Girl Scouts

Spread wild flower gardens

Through the fields and pastures around San Antonio, Girl Scouts of sixteen troops were seen busily at work this last fall, and many a passerby wondered what that work could possibly be which required several huge inverted umbrellas. Now all San Antonio knows—and most of Texas too. Those girls were gathering wild flower seed pods, which later were opened, the seeds shaken out, and the seeds then packed in small envelopes stamped "A Texas Wild Flower Garden." These envelopes contained over twelve varieties of seeds, mixed to produce a succession of flowers over a long season, and were sent (with instructions for planting) to friends of the Girl Scout organization all over the state with the hope not only of spreading wild flowers themselves, but also of drawing attention to the need for their conservation. Since then word has traveled far beyond, and this spring will see Texas wild flowers blooming east and west and north and in other parts of the south. So fast has the demand increased that arrangements have been made to sell these envelopes at a dollar apiece, which seems to us one of the most beautiful as well as one of the most helpful ways Girl Scouts have discovered to raise money.



Sir Robert Baden-Powell, chief of the British Boy Scouts, planted a tree last year at the International Camp at Briarcliff, New York

But this wild flower beauty of our country needs more protection than this—it needs the help of every Girl Scout wherever she may live. For wild flowers are diminishing. Everyone of us has seen the way in which people—often merely thoughtless and not at all conscious of destroying beauty that others might enjoy—will pull up lovely woodland flowers by the roots and break off long branches of trailing dogwood and blossoming fruit trees. Girl Scouts and Girl Scout friends can do much to help the Wild Flower Preservation Society teach people to enjoy wild flowers while yet leaving them in their own woods and meadows and marsh lands. This Wild Flower Preservation Society, Inc., at 3740 Oliver St., Washington, D. C., will send posters to help in such work, colored plates of wild flowers in post card form at about twelve cents a set, and also a list of wild flowers most in need of protection throughout the whole country.

Grew and it Grew"

spring, and a Girl Scout loves the smell of warm and moist and fragrant under the seeds are everyday needs in springtime



In Miami, Florida

Girl Scouts repaired hurricane damage, with seed planting

"The girls of our troop were divided into partners of two," writes Rose Bradshaw, one of these Girl Scouts, "and each pair was given a district to cover in our seed planting canvass. We then distributed packages of flower seeds supplied us by the Junior Chamber of Commerce, and every family we interviewed was more than glad to promise to plant these seeds in order to beautify our city and repair the damage of the hurricane last year."

In Montour Falls, New York

Boy and Girl Scouts joined in tree planting

"Twenty-eight Girl Scouts and leaders and twenty-two Boy Scouts and leaders took part in a tree planting ceremony in Montour Falls," we hear from Mrs. Charles Weed, a Captain there. "The Boy Scouts had brought seven red cedars and two evergreens from the woods, and both organizations joined in planting these as a hedge in a public park. After the program, which was a combination

of *A Festival of Joy* and a program suggested by the American Tree Association, the Boy and Girl Scouts marched to the school house, where the girls had prepared a picnic supper. Soon afterwards the tables were cleared, and games, stunts, and songs filled an evening of fun."

Each tree planted is to be cared for by a special patrol, and is in honor of some well known friend of Girl Scouting. One is dedicated to Juliette Low.

In New Haven, Connecticut

Girl Scouts held a Spring Festival

The annual rally in New Haven included a spring nature festival, which opened with a grand march led by heralds of the Spirit of Spring. Following her came the various troops of Girl Scouts, each one representing either a bird or a flower. As each troop was introduced in turn by a herald, the girls either sang or danced or, in some cases, dramatized a song.

We might add that Oleda Schrottky's flower play, *Everybody's Affair*, (15c a copy, obtainable at National Headquarters) is especially good for such a festi-

val, as well as the *Ceremony for the Planting of a Tree in Ceremonies Around the Girl Scout Year* (25c a copy).

In Bismarck, North Dakota

Girl Scouts planted a tree near Roosevelt's cabin

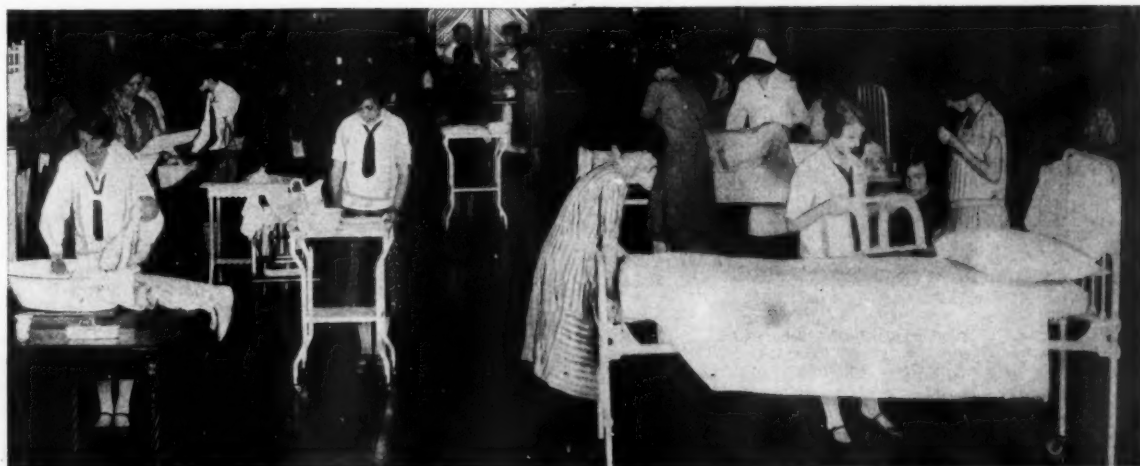
"To celebrate National Forestry Week this spring," writes Mrs. George Will, the Captain of Troop Two, "my troop planted a tree at Roosevelt's cabin, which now stands on the Capitol grounds. In order to raise money for a tree marker, we first gave a candy sale, which was well patronized for our needs."

In Villa Nova, Pennsylvania

A Parents' Picnic brought good fellowship and mutual interests

"Parent cooperation" was the slogan of a delightful picnic given recently by Mrs. Charles C. Harrison, Jr., a member of the National Executive Committee of the Girl Scouts, on her estate at Villa Nova, Pa. Fourteen troops with families and friends—about seven hundred in all—enjoyed Mrs. Harrison's hospitality.

Parents and friends had been invited
(Continued on page 58)



Middletown, New York, doesn't lack home nurses, since Girl Scouts were trained by the Superintendent of Nurses at the State Hospital

The Real DIARY of a Real Girl SCOUT

*Spring and tree planting
and the smell of brown
earth in the sun—"Oh,
it's great to have May
again," says Peggy to her
diary, "and a garden all
your own!" And Girl
Scouts agree*

*"No weed will find a happy
home in my garden!" writes
Peggy*



*May and an outdoor play! Girl Scouts of
Flatbush, New York, gave "Everybody's
Affair," by Oleda Schrottky*

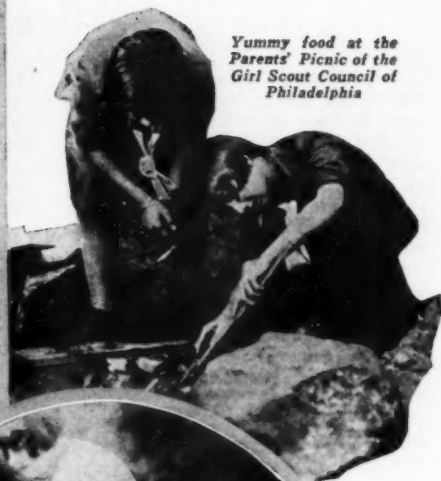
*"Spread Texas wildflow-
ers!" San Antonio Girl
Scouts sort and distribute
seeds*



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Yummy food at the
Parents' Picnic of the
Girl Scout Council of
Philadelphia



SUNDAY Grand news! Have a Girl Scout garden. A plot for everyone in the troop. Captain's aunt gave her whole backyard for it.

TUESDAY Rained and holed all afternoon. Ache all over but —! Eileen's going to sell her vegetables, for the troop fund. Think I'll grow corn and tomatoes to earn for my Canning Badge. Habbas, too, for the flower show.

THURSDAY Troop meeting today and nothing but garden talk. Decided to plant a tree in honor of Juliette Low on May Day. Going on a bicycle hike tomorrow.

SATURDAY Worked all day at gardening. Can't wait till Monday to mark my plot. Dad says to watch out that we don't plant more for tulips. Good job, I told him, from a man who put cucumbers in the aster bed last year.



"Fresh green corn! Fine ripe tomatoes!" Any huckster would be proud to peddle these fine vegetables raised by Girl Scouts at Sagamore Hill, Dayton, Ohio

The picture above the diary might almost be Peggy's troop planting its tree for Juliette Low. It is a tree planting, but it happened at Camp Juniper Knoll, a place where Chicago Girl Scouts begin to think about when spring days come along



Bicycle hiking is fine sport, say Girl Scouts at Seacliff, Long Island

Roselle of the North

(Continued from page 29)

Roselle beat her one free hand about his eyes, he kept on step by step, feeling for the trail which he knew even to every snag and dip in it. Meanwhile he snarled his rage and threats at her. Only the fact that Roselle, alive, was worth much money to him saved her from death at Peter Saby's hands.

"Peter," Pamak called. "Give us Roselle."

At the sound of Pamak's voice, Peter stumbled and almost fell, and Jim Saby let out a scream.

"It is Pamak!" he gasped. "Peter! The girl knew! That bat—!"

"It is only Pamak's spirit!" Roselle mocked. "Poor dead Pamak! Are you afraid of a spirit—you, who have the bat-like thing for your friend?"

To Peter's menacing fury, she answered with another mocking laugh, and beat about his eyes with the hand he tried vainly to hamper.

"Do you not like to feel the wings of your bat-like friend beating about your face?" she taunted.

"Peter, give us Roselle!" Pamak's voice sounded nearer.

"The girl said Pamak was alive," Jim cried again, shaking. "Maybe Fontaine is alive, too."

Unripe Nut, unable to bear the situation any longer, and being utterly fearless of everything in the seen and the unseen world, except evil spirits and her mother's switch, could wait no longer. She sprang to her feet and ran at the Sabys. She could see Jim with his rifle ready, but she was indifferent to that danger. He saw her rushing down on them with gun in hand; he saw Kaska's cousins dashing out of the woods with the canoe; and he tried with shaking hands to aim straight at the breast of the little Cree fury who was coming like a wind. He missed. A shot from Matilla knocked the rifle out of his hand. He let it lie, and his brother's with it, and gave one wild look about him as if seeking for a hiding place. Suddenly, his hand pointed towards another part of the woods, his eyes almost started from his head, and he screamed once like a maniac. Then he plunged blindly, gasping with terror, towards the boat.

"What is it?" Peter shouted after him, uselessly.

"Now I will shoot you!" Unripe Nut cried, her black eyes glaring like a wolf's at the wicked man who was ill-treating her friend. She paused to aim steadily.

Peter turned round, and, by a sudden muscular effort, swung Roselle exactly in front of him.

"Shoot! And kill her!" he said. Keeping Roselle in that position, guarding himself, he pushed his way desperately backwards down the trail. Near the end, Rowley and Jacques sprang to his aid and dragged both himself and Roselle into the canoe, where Jim Saby cowered, gibbering like an idiot.

Above, the Cree canoeemen, Kaska,

Matilla, Pamak and Unripe Nut—who was almost exploding with rage at Peter's trick—prepared to rush down to the river in spite of the rifles aimed at them by Rowley and Jacques. To their amazement, another man dashed out of the lower woods nearer the water, leaped into a small canoe and followed the Sabys' boat. They heard Jim Saby scream again.

Sh-h-h! It's for You



Do you adore boarding school and pretty clothes and parties and feminine things? Then come with Raquel to "The Towers," most exclusive of finishing schools, and meet Lois and Anne and go with them to Anne's Christmas house party.

Or, are you the kind of girl that doesn't give a hang for party clothes, but could live in riding breeches? Follow Raquel out to New Mexico and meet Paintbrush, the gamest broncho that ever was gentled and ride the cattle down with them.

Or, do you love mystery and romance? Slip away down into Mexico with Raquel to the Hidden Ranch of Don Nestor, to flower-scented patios and Spanish music.

Do you long for adventure? Ride through the night and the desert with Raquel with the bandits at your heels and the safety of the border far in the distance.

And who is Raquel? She is the heroine of our new serial, *Raquel of the Ranch Country*, starting next month. And her name, by the way, is pronounced "Ra-kel," the "a" as in father, and the accent on the last syllable. It rhymes with Roselle.

One of the Crees took careful aim at this new figure; but as he fired, Kaska knocked up his gun and the bullet sped harmlessly.

"Do not shoot that man," he said. "It is not yet light enough to see well, and there also is a mist. Therefore I cannot be sure. But as he ran, so strongly and swiftly, his body looked like the strong swift body of my friend Dark Fontaine! We will follow."

They descended the trail and launched their canoe.

What has happened before in this story

Roselle of the pale white skin and red-gold hair lives in the Canadian North Woods with her trapper father, Dark Fontaine, and his partners, Peter and Jim Saby. Mystery enshrouds her, for she doesn't know who her mother is. In fact, the only woman she has ever seen is Pamak, Peter's Indian wife.

One day in the woods she overhears Peter and Jim plotting to get rid of her father so that they may steal his share

of the furs. She rushes to the cabin to warn him, but when she gets there she finds he has gone away. Pamak, fearing that the Sabys may harm Roselle, persuades her brother, Kaska, to take the white girl with him back to the Cree encampment and to adopt her as his own.

No sooner are Kaska and Roselle gone, than Peter Saby returns to the cabin, saying that he has shot Dark Fontaine and has seen him fall, but that his shot has been answered by two others. He is frightened and he and Jim load as many furs as they can on the canoe and slip away with Pamak down the river.

Roselle, in the meantime, is happy in her new home, although she misses her father. She is given the Indian name of Flying Heart at a Name Feast. On the night of the feast, she and Unripe Nut, her most intimate friend, steal out from camp and, eluding the guardians, ride with the Night Singers, a group of young Cree warriors who gallop through the night, singing. The singers take the two girls toward the river, but suddenly they rein their horses in fear. For on Evil Island, the dwelling-place of bad spirits where no man dares set foot, is the light of a campfire, Roselle says she is not afraid to land there.

The next night, by moonlight, the warriors, with Matilla, Unripe Nut's mother, Roselle and Unripe Nut go to the river. At Matilla's suggestion she and the two girls land on the island alone, and find—Pamak! She has been left there to starve by her husband, Peter, and his brother, Jim. She tells of Peter's plan to rob the Crees of their furs, and of his fear that she would warn her brother. Peter and Jim and their men, she says, are on an island not far away.

Matilla hits upon a scheme to rout them. She sends Unripe Nut to steal their canoes and then she and Pamak and the two girls paddle near the island, beating the war drum and singing the war-song. The men, thinking the women are warriors, jump into the treacherous waters of the river, and the women return to the shore and to the waiting Crees, not knowing whether Jim and Peter Saby are living or have met death by drowning.

Kaska and a band of warriors decide to go to the cabin and take the furs which the Sabys have left. Roselle insists upon going with them, and, of course, Unripe Nut wants to go, too. Matilla consents and she and Pamak join the party as well. "Perhaps from among those pines," says Roselle, "the spirit voice of Dark Fontaine will speak to me."

Swiftly and silently paddled the lone canoeist. Who was he? The ghost of Dark Fontaine come to haunt his murderer, or an agent of the mysterious Easterners who were so eager to get Roselle? The answer will be found in the next and final installment of this exciting mystery serial along with many other astonishing surprises.

Coming! Coming! A big surprise, announced next month



Make Your Own Party Dress!



One of the New Singer Electrics. When closed, it becomes a piece of fine furniture, serving as a desk or table in any room.

THEN you can have just the right color, just the right dainty materials and trimmings, just the little flare of jauntiness you love. And when it's finished you can wear it twice as proudly because you planned and made it all yourself.

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BRAMHALL-DEANE CO.

261 West 36th Street
New York City

A Prince Passes

(Continued from page 24)

ma on her knees, bathing the princely ankle. Of course Grandma did not know then that he was a prince. When he told her he was playing truant, that he'd taken a left turn instead of a right to get off by himself for a little while, she had scolded him for it. Grandma had given him some wine and some little seeded cakes and she could remember every word he had said when he told her he'd never eaten any cakes as good as they were. He'd told her how much he liked the little cottage and the flowers around it. Grandma said he'd said it rather wistfully. And when he went away he had kissed her hand. Afterwards he had sent the pitcher and the little note and then Grandma knew he was a prince. Oh, Anne loved the story, loved watching Grandma's old face brighten when she told about it. Now she hated the hundred dollars Molly had put in the top drawer of the highboy in the dining room.

The next day Father and Mother returned with Grandma. While they were at supper Molly told of Mrs. Frotheringham's visit. Triumphant she went to the highboy, took out the money and dropped it in Grandma's lap.

"There, Grandma, you never dreamed you'd be so rich, did you?"

Anne shut her eyes tight, just as she had done the time she saw a horse run away with Joey Spring. But she could not shut her ears. She heard her father and mother say: "Molly!" in one shocked voice. She heard Grandma gasp.

Molly endeavored to point out the reasonableness of the transaction. Certainly the Clapp family could not sniff at one hundred dollars! The pitcher was sure to get broken sometime. And, anyway, Grandma wouldn't—Molly had not finished that sentence. Instead she said, sullenly: "Grandma can go on telling about it."

"Who did you say the woman was?" asked Father.

"Mrs. Gerald Frotheringham of New York."

"Maybe we can find her—"

"And give the money back?" Molly's voice shrilled. "I think that's just sentimental nonsense. Now you and Mother can visit Ted. Mother hasn't had a real vacation for years. Or she can buy a washing machine. Goodness knows that'd be more useful than a silly old pitcher."

"Molly, my dear," Mrs. Clapp was beginning when Grandma spoke. Grandma looked very small and very old sitting there among them; her voice sounded small and old, too, and she had a little difficulty in making it heard.

"Molly's right. Anything's more useful than that old pitcher. Here, Mary, the money's yours. Never thought I'd have that much to give you! Now, Cyrus Clapp, to celebrate, I'm going to have a second helping of pudding."

Anne wanted to run to Grandma and hug her but she did not dare. She wanted Grandma to know that she thought the pitcher worth much more than one hun-

dred dollars. The others were all talking at once; Dad was suggesting that they find Mrs. Frotheringham and sell the whole house. Mother was saying that it was going to be hard to decide between Florida and a washing-machine. Grandma was talking, too. But to Anne's ears their voices rang with a false gaiety. And Grandma was not eating her second helping of pudding!

During the winter that followed, Anne noticed that Grandma never told her story of the prince passing. When the neighbors dropped in with their sewing to spend the afternoon and drink a cup of tea Grandma sat in her favorite chair among them, little, old, useless, but she did not talk much and she never mentioned the blue pitcher.

"Oh, she is like Jennie Jones!" Anne thought, an ache in her own heart for the ache in Grandma's.

Mother bought the washing machine but sometimes, when she talked about the work it saved her, Anne thought there was something she wanted to say and didn't. Perhaps Mother really did not like having the washing machine instead of the pitcher—except on wash-days, maybe—but argued that as long as it was done she wouldn't say anything more about it. And probably Mother was too busy to notice that Grandma did not tell her story anymore.

When spring came Grandma took her usual place by the kitchen window. Anne, at her tasks after school hours, wondered sometimes what Grandma thought about as she sat so still staring out over the new green world. It had been in the spring that the prince had come—if only Grandma would tell just her the story once more.

In June of that year the royal mother and the two royal sons of a European royal family elected to visit the United States. Their coming was heralded far and wide by flaming newspaper headlines; their faces smiled out from every motion picture screen in every city, big and small. Even the little village of Marysville came to know just how the royal mother wore her hair and how one royal son smiled with a whimsical lift to the left corner of his mouth and how the other always frowned.

Even the Clapp family talked of the royal visit. "I'd adore seeing those two princes—especially Michael, the nice looking one," sighed Molly. Anne wanted to see them all. Anne said that it must be marvelous going to all those banquets. Mother thought even a royal stomach must find them somewhat trying. Dad talked about the silly way Americans made a fuss over anyone who wore a crown, but he read every word the newspapers had to say about the royal visit.

Grandma only said: "Humph!" when they talked about it. Anne wished she would get excited, too—maybe talk about that other prince. She tried to draw Grandma out. "Don't you wish you could see them, Grandma?"

Scorn flashed across Grandma's old face. "Not such ones!" she said in her

She didn't seem to "fit in"—so they called her "The Sticker" but—

thin, high voice. "All this hullabalooing!" Then Anne knew Grandma was thinking how her prince had taken the left turn to escape just such homage as these others sought.

One afternoon Molly came home in a frenzy of excitement. "What do you think of this? They're going to visit that Mrs. Gerald Frothingham at her country estate and they're going there by automobile. They'll go right through Bridgetown. I'll be in Bridgetown for the big moment if I have to walk."

Everyone throughout the countryside felt as Molly did, even Dad. "Oh, we might as well join the procession," he agreed, trying to make the casual tone of his voice belie his own excitement.

When the great day dawned Dad was up at daybreak to get his chores out of the way. Mother got up early, too, as did Molly and Anne. Molly and Anne put on their Sunday dresses.

"The Bridgetown children are going to throw flowers at the queen," Molly said as she brushed her hair. "I'm going to take some and throw at Prince Michael. Maybe it'll make him see me in the crowd."

"Is Grandma going?" Anne asked, anxiously. Molly said with a little shrug of her shoulders that she did not know.

At breakfast Grandma stated quite positively that she was *not* going. Again that bright scorn flashed over her leather-like face. No one tried to persuade her.

"Maybe I'd better stay here with her," Anne's mother whispered to Dad.

"I'll stay," said Anne. The words startled her. She did not know what had made her say them; she did want to go with the others, for the excitement of it as much as for seeing the royal party. Something inside her had made her say she would stay; something inside her made her know that she could not go and leave Grandma home.

"Don't you really mind staying?" Mother's voice sounded girlishly glad that Anne would stay. "Anyway, you're younger and will have lots of chances to see queens and I may not," she added. But the day dragged as even holidays can. Grandma was not lively company. She sat in her chair and looked out of the window. To keep busy, Anne made some of her favorite cookies and, by way of celebrating, put in a great many raisins.

She had just finished her task, spread

her cookies on a platter in the pantry and whisked the kitchen into order when a knock sounded. "My goodness, Grandma, it's the front door!" Sharply Anne recalled Mrs. Frothingham's fateful coming.

When she opened the door she found a very bedraggled young man on the doorstep. She thought first he was a tramp. He wore no hat. His hair was tumbled. His dark suit was smeared with dirt. Blood was trickling down one side of his face from a cut above his ear. He held one wrist as if it had been injured.

"Pardon me," he said in a deep voice not at all like a tramp's. "I am afraid I must ask you—I've had a little accident. We took the ditch. My companion has gone for horses or something to drag us out—" He had difficulty steadying his words.

"Anne!" reproved Grandma from behind her. "Let the boy in. Can't you see he's been hurt?"

They led him to the kitchen and Grandma made him sit down in her big chair. She bade Anne bring a basin of hot water and some towels and the bottle of antiseptic from the shelf in the woodshed. The young man was protesting that he wasn't really hurt, that it was the heat outside that had forced him to intrude upon them as he had, but while he was saying it a pallor spread over his face under the smear of blood and mud and his head dropped back against the chair.

At once Grandma got out Mother's blackberry cordial and gave him a generous spoonful. It revived him and he managed a laugh.

Anne was tremendously excited. After all she was having an adventure of her own. Under Grandma's direction she wrapped the hot towels about the injured wrist. Grandma herself washed the blood and dirt from the cut and applied the antiseptic. Grandma did not seem old and helpless now.

"You were speeding, young man, that's what you were doing," she scolded as she worked. "I've seen the way you young fellows drive by here and it's a wicked shame."

"I am afraid we were going a little fast," the boy admitted. "But you see we had to make time. I am playing truant. Back a few miles I took a left turn instead of a right to get away from the others—"

(Continued on page 40)



The Pryde school changed its mind—Ruth Burr Sanborn tells why—in June

You have learned the importance of keeping things clean—so you'll be interested in the extra washing help of Fels-Naptha!

Unusually good soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha, working together in Fels-Naptha, give extra washing help you'd scarcely believe possible with any other soap.

Try it—next time mother wants you to help with the cleaning.

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Prevents Rust—OILS—Cleans & Polishes

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HOW that touch of gay color does relieve the khaki! Green, purple, dark blue, light blue, cardinal or yellow, also black, tied in a neat four-in-hand and set off with the golden trefoil pinned in the knot, a Girl Scout is truly uniformed.

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This neckerchief is on sale at Girl Scout
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Latest Handy Size. 50 Perfect Name Cards and Case 50c.
 Size 1 1/4 x 2 1/4, engravotyped in dull black, gloss black, silver, or gold.
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156 Main St.
 BROWNIE NAME CARD CO. Coventry, R. I.

A Prince Passes

(Continued from page 39)

Anne was carrying her basin back to the sink when he said that. She dropped it with a clatter. She looked quickly at Grandma. But Grandma did not seem to notice what the boy had said. After all, anyone could say that who had taken a left turn instead of a right.

Grandma was examining the wound. "Tain't much more'n a scratch," she concluded, patting the boy's head.

With his wrist bandaged and his face washed the boy felt better. He got up and made Grandma sit down in the chair. He walked around the room. He said he loved old kitchens like this one and the way the pans shone. He asked if by any good chance he was smelling cookies.

With her cheeks flaming, Anne admitted that he did, that she just had finished baking them. At Grandma's bidding she got out a plate of the cookies and some glasses for milk and they had a party sitting around the kitchen table. The boy ate an amazing number of the cookies. He laughed a great deal. He told them that he never had such a good time!

When suddenly they heard the rumble of a motor outside he got up quickly and looked out of the window. "They've pulled the car out," he announced. "I am afraid there is no excuse for my lingering," Anne thought he said it as if he were sorry to go.

Grandma then admonished him to drive more slowly hereafter as the next time he might break his neck. He promised that he would. He took Grandma's wrinkled hand, bowed over it and kissed it. As he straightened and turned to Anne he was smiling. And Anne noticed for the first time that his smile lifted the left corner of his lips with a whimsical quirk.

"Michael!" she thought in a panic that made her heart thump wildly. She locked her own hands tight behind her back.

To her the boy bowed low with a little flourish. "My respects to the best cookie-baker in the world," he laughed. And then he was gone.

"A nice-mannered boy," Grandma was saying. "There aren't many like that these days." She settled back in her chair and looked out over the fields. She did not notice that Anne was still standing, speechless, in the middle of the kitchen floor.

The family came home at supper time. After all, they had not got close enough to really see the royal party. The little ceremony of the flowers had been a fizzle, too. The flowers had fallen on almost everyone except the queen.

"With all the cars and silk hats and things you couldn't see which were the princes and which were plain Americans," grumbled Molly, as she tied an apron over her best dress. "I'm sorry I bothered to go."

Anne opened her lips to say something, then closed them. Maybe she was crazy to think that boy might have been—

A week later a chauffeur in a robin's-egg blue car stopped at the Clapp farmhouse and left a box and a letter addressed to "Grandma." Anne, at Grandma's direction, opened the box and took from it a cameo brooch in a quaintly wrought setting.

"Whatever in the world!" gasped Molly over Anne's shoulder. "Read the letter," commanded Anne's mother.

The letter was written in a boyish scrawl. "Please keep this gift as a small expression of my appreciation for the hospitality you gave a truant. My wrist is still a little sore but I am glad I took that ditch, for it gave me a happy half-hour to remember all my life. May I ask you to give my respects to the Queen of Cooks and tell her for me that I wish now I had eaten

more cookies." The letter ended.

"What is it all about?" demanded Mother and Molly in one voice.

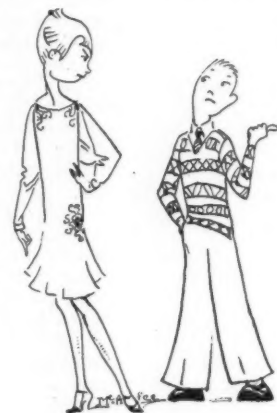
"Why, it's from that nice boy," began Grandma, in a flutter. Anne held out the paper at arm's length. With one finger she pointed to the sprawling signature.

"Michael!" she cried in a voice that broke in spite of her. When she could manage to say anything over the babble of excited tongues Grandma said she knew right off that boy was different—with his nice manners and everything. Why, the way he had bowed low and kissed her hand—boys didn't do that nowadays, she sighed regretfully. And he had been so polite about the cookies, too—not greedy, but eager enough so "it did your heart good to see the boy eat."

As for Anne, she was so thrilled that she could say nothing. She just stood and listened as if she couldn't believe the prince's visit had happened.

As Grandma talked contentedly on, she fingered the brooch where Anne had pinned it on her dress. "He was a little like the other one. I remember—" And then she told her story of the passing of the other prince and they all listened as if they never had heard it before.

That evening Mrs. Todd from the farm across the road ran in to borrow some vanilla and Anne, in the pantry, getting it, heard Grandma telling her the story, too.



"And what is more," she finished emphatically, "Everything I say goes!"

"All right, Sis, just come out to the garage and say 'FORD'."

Can you guess what it is? I wonder—meaning next month's surprise

"Why, Sue!"

(Continued from page 9)

thank you not to say so. I admire her immensely, but—"

"Huh!" said Mary. "I've seen you looking like a—a—I don't know what at her! And last week when she asked you to go over to Society House and get her 'sneaks' you almost fainted with joy!"

Sue colored but held her ground. "I did not! Anyway, you are just peeved because she didn't ask you!"

"Peeved? I?" Mary laughed amusedly. "That's perfectly ridiculous. I don't see anything very wonderful about Jay Maitland. Just because she puts on airs—"

"O-oh, she does not! How can you tell such a whopper? She—she's the most—most democratic girl in school! Even if she did, I'd like to know who would have a better right to! She's senior president and K. A. and captain of the tennis team—"

"Pooh, what's that? May Chazey is—"

"May Chazey!" quoth Sue contemptuously. "She's a fright!"

"She's as good-looking as Jay Maitland. Of course, if you like red hair—"

"Jay's hair isn't red! It's Titian," interrupted Sue hotly. "She's the most beautiful girl in school. Everyone knows that. She's got the loveliest complexion—"

"She uses things," said Mary darkly.

"She doesn't either! Well, so does May Chazey! Only May makes a perfect mess of it."

"Oh, of course! Anything Jay Maitland does is quite all right!"

"Rhubarb!" said Sue inelegantly. "You're too conceited to think anyone else is wonderful."

"Oh, I think you're horrid! I shan't stay here and—and be insulted so!"

"Glad of it," said Sue shortly. "I want to write a letter, anyway."

Mary departed disdainfully and Sue produced her leather writing portfolio, plucked her fountain pen from the pocket of her blouse and then stared out of the window. Of course she shouldn't have said what she had to Pug, but Pug had been very trying. After she had written the letter she would find her and apologize. She supposed Pug couldn't help being a little jealous, because what Pug couldn't understand and Sue couldn't successfully explain was that the latter's feeling for the wonderful Jay Maitland was something utterly different from her regard for Mary Eustace. She was fond of Mary, really very fond of her, but her feeling for Jay was—oh, she couldn't describe it even to herself. It was much too complicated.

The fact that the popular and admired Jay was scarcely aware of Sue's existence detracted not a whit. Sue worshipped from afar, overjoyed if Jay's calm blue-violet eyes gazed her way. Mary had, in truth, scarcely overstated when she had accused Sue of almost fainting when Jay had sent her on an errand. Sue could still summon a stirring memory of that moment. It was something to treasure, something not to be discussed with anyone, even Pug. To

(Continued on page 45)



A Girl Scout is Thrifty

*This is a law of Scouting
and a helpful rule to follow
throughout life*

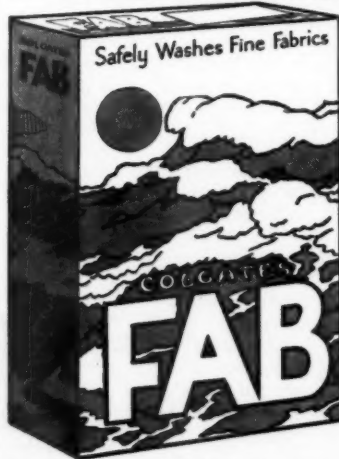
BY washing her own underclothes—quickly and easily in the wash-bowl—a Girl Scout can keep her underthings so dainty, and make them last twice as long.



Washing is always well done with Fab suds. Fab is safe for washing frilly underclothes, for washing stockings, knickers, and pajamas.

With Fab suds washing is like child's play—no rubbing, no washboard, not much time spent at all. Fab suds come quickly, last long. To make suds, turn hot water on the flakes to melt them—these thin flakes break at once into heavy suds. Now add cold water until the suds are barely warm. Then, when squeezed through a soiled garment they gather up all the dirt. And in the rinsing water, dirt and suds float quickly away.

It takes one or two suds and two or three rinsings.



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If you have a special garment to wash and want information on how to do it . . . write to Janet Read, c/o Colgate & Company.

Altogether only a few minutes at the wash-bowl and you are through—clothes are clean—hands are still white and soft.

There is a special FREE sample of Fab for every Girl Scout. Send in the coupon for yours.

Janet Read, Dept. 201 H,
Colgate & Company,
581 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Madame: I want to try Fab for washing underclothes. Will you send me the sample box?

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Porch parties and tall cold drinks—also a Hostess Badge. See the June issue



**You Girl Scouts
asked for it—
and here it is!**

Tintex Khaki

**for dyeing new again all
your faded scout apparel**

OF COURSE, a Girl Scout's uniform must be spic and span. But frequent launderings cause uniforms, stockings, handkerchiefs, etc., to lose their new rich Khaki color.

NOW, FORTUNATELY, there is Tintex Khaki for making them new again quickly and easily. It is a real scout-khaki and fast, too. Just think how much money you can now save, and how fresh and smart you can always look.

AND THERE ARE twenty-four other Tintex pastel tints and dark colors for your frocks, dresses, blouses, skirts, sweaters, stockings, ribbons, etc.

TINTEX TINTS are so easy to use. Just sprinkle in a basin of water—hot or cold—and "tint as you rinse"! For tinting lace-trimmed silks, there is a special Tintex in the Blue Box which tints the silk and leaves the lace untouched. Tintex Dark Colors are all of deep, lustrous tones.

HOME-TINTING or dyeing with Tintex is just fun—start in with Tintex Khaki. Let it help you to be the smartest-dressed girl-scout in your troop. See the Tintex Color Card.

**[Blue Box—for lace-trimmed silks
(tints the silk—lace remains white).
Gray Box—for tinting and dyeing all
materials (silk, cotton, mixed goods).]**

15¢ at Drug and Dept. stores

Tintex

**TINTS AND DYES
ANYTHING ANY COLOR**

**PARK & TILFORD
543 W. 43rd St., New York**

I am enclosing 15¢ for one regular-size package of Tintex Khaki.

Name _____

Address _____

Let's Do Some Canning

(Continued from page 21)

time washboiler, or a similar open boiler fitted with racks for holding jars and having a tight lid. In any hot water bath equipment the water surrounding the jars can never rise above 212 degrees Fahrenheit. Such an outfit is satisfactory for all fruits, for a soft vegetable like tomatoes, and some other watery vegetables. But if you are planning to can such things as corn, lima beans, asparagus, pumpkin, and other products which contain no acid to protect them against the micro-organisms—the yeasts and molds and bacteria that cause foods to spoil—it is wiser to use some form of steam-pressure cooker outfit, because a much higher temperature can be secured. This is most important to know, because it has recently been found that frequent spoilage in home-processed foods has been caused by the center of the jars never having reached a sufficiently high temperature really to sterilize the contents. And you all know that success in canning depends on absolute sterilization of all bacteria, that is, killing these micro-organisms by heat, and taking care to keep them out after the product is cooked.

Another point is essential for perfect canning results—and that is the selection of the right jars. Run your finger over the edges of the jars and see that the rims are smooth so that they will allow the covers to make a perfect seal over the contents. All jars should be carefully tested before using, by filling partially with hot water, adjusting the rubber, cover and clamp, and inverting. If the jar leaks, it must be discarded, for, if water can come out, air, laden with bacteria, yeasts and molds, can get in after the food is canned. And this means both food and labor lost. Rubbers should be carefully selected. Heat spoils them, therefore a rubber ring should never be used for the second time. For the cold pack method, all the preparation a jar needs before using is washing and testing. But this must be done very carefully, as upon it largely depends the success of the product.

And now for selecting and preparing the food for canning. In the first place, all fruits and vegetables should be fresh and unwilted, no matter what process is used. "Two hours from garden to can" should be your canning slogan. The fresher the products the less chance of failure, and the better the color, texture and flavor of your canned pack.

In preparing vegetables, be sure they are thoroughly washed—even scrubbed—sorted and picked over. Rinse leaf greens,

be immersed in boiling water in a cheese-cloth square or wire drainer and held in the water just long enough to loosen the skins without losing the shape. This process is known as blanching. It is used not only for loosening the skins of many fruits and of such vegetables as carrots and beets but for shrinking certain foods such as spinach and other greens so that they can be packed in the smallest possible space—although I must warn you right here that the closer the vegetables are packed in the jar the longer time it takes for the heat to penetrate to the center of the jar—that is, the longer time it takes to cook or sterilize. And in the latest type of the so called "cold pack" method, advocated by the United States Department of Agriculture, certain vegetables such as string beans are blanched for from ten to fifteen minutes. This softens and shrinks the vegetable so that it is more easily packed. And, since it is packed into the jar while still hot, the time required for sterilizing is shortened. When foods are blanched merely to loosen the skins, they are dipped afterwards in cold water. This is known as the cold dip.

Pack the fruit or vegetable into the jars carefully, for on the neatness and form of the foods depends much of the attractiveness of the finished jar. And a really good canner is concerned about the looks as well as about the taste of her fruits and vegetables.

Here are a few special suggestions for various products: Pare pineapple and remove eyes, then slice crosswise and again in half, using stainless steel knife; all "soft fruits" (strawberries, cherries, huckleberries, peaches, and some others) may be canned as soon as rinsed, omitting the blanch and dip; "sour berry" fruits (currants, gooseberries, and such) require one minute of blanching; "hard fruits" (apples, quinces and pears) require a two minute blanching; all very soft greens like spinach, should be steamed in any steamer to reduce the bulk, about fifteen to twenty minutes before canning; in filling up the jars with boiling liquid, allow one teaspoon salt to each one quart jar; a better flavor is given such soft products as tomatoes or peaches if the water used in filling is the same water in which the foods were blanched.

Following is a list of government bulletins and other pamphlets which may be valuable in helping you in your canning and take you on the way toward your much coveted Canning Badge!

Farmers' Bulletin
1471-F—Canning Fruits
and Vegetables at Home,
U. S. Department of
Agriculture, Washing-
ton, D. C.

Food Preservation,
Cornell Reading Course,
College of Home Eco-
nomics, Cornell Univer-
sity, Ithaca, New York.

The Ball Blue Book,
Ball Brothers, Muncie,
Indiana.



Certainly it will be becoming! What?

"My Own Room" Contest

(Continued from page 25)

After school I chose the easiest to start with, the smoothly enameled dressing table. I carried it down on the back porch, skipped up street and bought a quart can of good grade ivory paint (\$2.00), a medium size brush (\$.30) big enough to paint with quickly and easily—yet small enough to get the small edges and cracks—three sheets of coarse sandpaper and two sheets of fine (\$.30).

I put the paint on, using smooth, even strokes and left it to dry. I had cut out a stencil, a sprig of yellow roses, one which would not be hard to paint. So, using an oil brush and my oils, I carefully stenciled the sprig on the drawer and painted the knobs yellow. It really looks "scrumptious" and very clean and dainty.

Having gained confidence, I decided to tackle the bed. With what was left of a can of white paint I painted over every place where the enamel had been chipped off. When this had dried I put on the coat of ivory. The following day I stenciled the roses on the head and the foot of the bed.

Using the coarse sandpaper, I worked on the dresser. Next day I scraped and rubbed still more. Saturday I polished off the dresser with the fine sandpaper and gave it a coat of ivory.

Mother had become interested in the transformation and ordered curtains, just what I wanted, cream colored with yellow dots, and a valance along the side and bottom.

This week I was busy with other things, but I managed to re-create my table lamp. It was blue! I painted the base black, using the remainder of an old can of paint. With some yellow silk I covered the shade very much as *Leonore Dunnigan* told us in the December *AMERICAN GIRL*. I whipped black and gold braid (\$.50) around the top and bottom of the shade and stenciled tiny yellow roses on the black base. It has a very distinguished air.

When Saturday came again I cleaned my room, arranged the furniture, and hung the curtains, draping them back in the old-fashioned style. Mother then came in with a surprise, my numerous pillows all freshly covered with green and yellow cretonne!

My room—Oh, now it has character! It looks like a daffodil with fresh green leaves; one almost listens for a bird to sing. And all this—a new room for old, looking just like the much envied pictures in magazines!—for (\$3.10) and a little bit of careful work!

MY OWN ROOM

by Edith Wheeler, 13
Katonah, N. Y.

It was such a dismal room, suggestive of a shabby parlor bedroom. I had lived in it only a week, but before the seven days were up, I determined to turn
(Continued on page 44)

When Parents Fail



© 1927 M. L. I. Co.

THIS is a clumsy world for children.

They are constantly running into the barbed wires of our grown-up principles and conventions. Every year thousands of them get into trouble which brings them before the Juvenile Courts. Rarely are these unfortunate youngsters really bad. Nearly always the hidden cause behind their waywardness is lack of proper guidance at home. Oftentimes, physical conditions cause their abnormality. When health is restored the vicious tendencies often disappear.

Delinquent children are by no means found to come only from homes of poverty. From well-to-do and even rich homes have come children with tendencies toward crime which have amazed their parents. Too late these fathers and mothers learned that in reality they never had known their sons and daughters.

May Day—Children's Day

May First has been set aside by the nation as a day on which mothers and

fathers, philanthropists and public-spirited men and women, interested in America's future, join in one great purpose—the big, important work of checking up the health of the children of this country.

It is a great forward step to set aside a definite day to have eyes, ears, noses, throats, and teeth examined for possible physical defects. But why stop half way? Examine minds just as thoroughly for possible mental troubles.

In May, then, after you good fathers and mothers have found out whether or not your children are sound and healthy, physically, you will want to have an old-fashioned, heart-to-heart talk with the youngsters and learn what they are thinking about, who their companions are, and where they spend their time.

Lacking a friend at home, a child may need a friend at court.

Each year more than 200,000 children are brought before the Juvenile Courts charged with more or less serious offenses. Seventy-five per cent of all adult offenders begin their criminal careers before reaching the age of 21. The steps are fast from petty thieving to murder.

In the three year period, 1923, 1924 and 1925, the homicide mortality rate in the United States mounted to the highest point ever recorded.

In 1926 there were approximately 10,000 homicides. In recent years our homicide rate has been 600% greater than that of

Canada and 1400% greater than that of England and Wales.

Even the best of children develop tendencies hard for parents to understand. These faults, if uncorrected, may produce serious consequences.

The Metropolitan has prepared a booklet, "The Mind of the Child". It may help you to deal fairly and wisely with your children in solving the many vexing problems that come up in connection with them. Send for it. It will be mailed without cost.

HALEY FISKE, President.



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METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

That tam, an "American Girl" premium—free for only three new subscriptions



LUXURIANTLY comfortable, modernly convenient, they are exactly suited to the need of the woman of to-day. One can't but appreciate these qualities in Venus Sanitary Apparel, especially Venus Traveling Package.

It is a small box that can be carried in the purse or bag and contains three sanitary napkins of fine Venus quality unbelievably compressed and yet shaking out easily to downy fullness. Sold at leading stores for twenty-five cents; an inexpensive introduction to future comfort and peace of mind.

Ask to see Sanitary Belt No. 365 which is especially adapted for Camp wear.

If you cannot obtain Venus products at your favorite store, send us a postcard with their name and address.

Venus
SANITARY
SPECIALTIES

VENUS CORPORATION, 1170 Broadway, New York

"My Own Room" Contest

(Continued from page 43)

up my sleeves, buy some paint and transform it.

I was rather puzzled over which part to begin on first—everything needed something done to it. It was a room of delightful proportions, with two lovely tall colonial windows—yes—but such dirty woodwork, traces of the family that had just moved out, and such smutty, faded paper of pink and gold lozenges chasing each other up and down. The window panes were streaky and the floor yearned for a rub-down.

My present furniture consisted of two brass beds with tall and terrible brass architecture rising at head and foot, a cream-colored table which had been shoved into my room for some vague use, in the flurry of moving. A chair, waste basket, dresser—the bulky kind—and a wicker chair, all of bluish green, were the remains of my room in our old home. My rug I absolutely refused to keep any longer—it was that bright kind which would rasp on anyone's nerves after living with it for two years steadily as I had done.

Before beginning anything, I consulted Mother, who really has some lovely ideas. I was rather puzzled what color scheme to have, because my room had had almost every color combination there is. Mother was just about as much at sea as I was, but she sensibly suggested I take off the paper and scrape the floor and by that time maybe we would have an inspiration.

I couldn't seem to find the right paper anywhere until Mother suddenly remembered coming upon some rolls of charming old paper with green in it. So we hurried home and routed it out. It was charming—so charming in fact that I fell in love with it on the instant and began work scraping off the pink lozenges. When the new paper was up it certainly did look pretty—cool green vines growing up and down on a cream background in the most artistic manner. Of course, the colour problem was solved then and there and we ecstatically planned gray green furniture and honeydew hangings.

A room in the cellar was changed into a temporary furniture painting studio while we impatiently waited for a dark gray green floor to become dry enough to get in, to attack the woodwork and windows.

I looked with desperation at the hideous brass architecture and at last sawed off the high headboards, turned the beds around and painted them green. Imagine the charming result when they received peach color flounced spreads! The dresser was discarded and the cream-color table given a honeydew frill and a glazed chintz covering for the top. A perfect dressing table emerged after we had picked up a second-hand bench. The desk was very easy to do, my desk set was bronze, so it toned in exactly and all I needed to get was a peach color blotter. We dug up a dirty old white chifforobe

(Continued on page 50)

Special News from Gladima Scout



Do you want to go to camp free?

Let our Earn-Your-Own Club send you—see page 59

Do you want camp equipment free?

Let our premiums go with you—see page 62

HURRAH! says Gladima

Prue Lamson made strange use of the shimmering new brocade—

"Why, Sue!"

(Continued from page 41)

serve Jay was an inestimable privilege. But not once did it occur to Sue that Jay might regard her as an equal—as a friend. For Jay was eighteen and the loveliest thing in the world, while Sue was fourteen, looked more like a boy than a girl and had a deficient nose. (She had learned that about her nose from a book in the library.) Her idea just then of a beautiful and supremely happy death was to expire in the arms of her heroine while blue-violet eyes, dewy with unshed tears, looked pityingly down upon her and beautiful, tender lips murmured "Sue!" After all, you see, Sue didn't ask a great deal.

Some of all this is necessary if you are to understand how Sue came to enter the school tennis tournament. It happened a week later, by which time the *entente cordiale* had been fully reestablished with Mary Eustace. Joan Hepburn, who was president of the freshman class, came to see Sue. The tournament committee, it appeared, was surprised and pained to discover that the "infants" had no entry for the event. For the honor of the class it was, of course, necessary that such an unfortunate state of affairs should be remedied. Joan was quite intense about it. She said Sue must realize that, and Sue said doubtfully, that she did. Very well! Then it was up to Sue to maintain the Class Honor. Joan talked in capitals. Sue backed water. She never could do it! She'd die of embarrassment! It was too awful to contemplate! But Joan reminded her that last fall she had won first in the freshman tournament, and Sue couldn't deny it. She had not only won that event but had won it hands down. Still she would have resisted pleas, blandishments, commands to the end if Joan had not cleverly resorted to strategy.

"Oh, dear," she sighed. "I don't see how I can tell them. Jay Maitland will be perfectly disgusted with us!"

"Jay Maitland!" faltered Sue. "Does she—did she—"

Joan was quick to seize the advantage. "Why of course, Sue! She's chairman of the committee. The captain of the team always is. She especially wants us to come in. We ought to have two or three entries, but I guess one would do." "But I can't play well enough," wailed Sue.

"Why, Sue! You play beautifully. Of course we don't expect you to win. Jay will get it. But I wouldn't be surprised if you reached the semi-finals, really! And we'll turn out to a girl and cheer you. It'll be fine! And it's really your duty, Sue dear. You owe it to the class."

"Well, if Jay—I mean, if you think I ought to! But I just know I'll make a frightful exhibition!"

"Why, Sue! You'll make hash of some of them. I wouldn't be the least surprised if you beat Hadley, the soph champ. If you do I'll hug you to death!"

But it wasn't the chance of being hugged to death by Joan Hepburn that sustained Sue during the following week.

It was the knowledge that in putting her name down she was doing something to please Jay Maitland.

The tournament began Thursday, doubles and singles both. Sue started off with a hollow victory over a fat junior, 6-4, 6-1. On Friday she reached the semi-finals by defeating with more difficulty a tall senior, who played in spectacles. The match ran to three sets: 8-6, 4-6, 7-5. The entire freshman class were present, bedecked in the class colors and giving powerful support to their candidate. So, rather to her bewilderment, Sue had, as predicted by Joan Hepburn, attained to next to the last stage. On Saturday forenoon she was paired with Nella Hadley, pride of the prideful sophomores, and once more she came through, this time with surprising ease. Nella found herself quite outclassed by her younger opponent and Sue took the match in straight sets, 6-3, 6-3. The freshmen exulted noisily and made themselves extremely obnoxious to the sophs. Sue was particularly pleased and personally elated. By reaching the finals she had won the proud privilege, the soul-stirring opportunity of being crushed to earth, eliminated, obliterated and ground into infinitesimal but happy atoms by Jay Maitland! For of course, Jay had crashed her way to the finals just as expected. When informed of her afternoon's antagonist Jay looked her natural surprise.

"A freshman!" exclaimed Jay. "Why, the cheeky little kid! Who is she, girls?"

"Sue Marston. She beat Hadley this morning, you know. She's really frightfully clever for a kid, Jay."

"Sue Marston? Isn't she the little thing with the big brown eyes? But, goodness, Kate!" Jay sank her voice and looked a mite troubled. "I'll hate beating a mere child like that."

"Do her good," someone said sourly. "Fancy a freshie making the finals. Ridiculous!"

The match didn't begin until four in the afternoon, for the doubles were played off first, and, after Jay and her partner had won them, it was only fair that the star should have an hour or so of breathing spell. For Sue the suspense was at once sweet and bitter. The prospect of offering herself as a sacrifice to the glory of her beloved Jay was eminently thrilling. The thought of being on the same quadrangle of turf with her, of being noticed by her, spoken to and, at the last shaken by the hand was too wonderful for words. But the fear that she would offend in some way, by awkwardness or inattention or, more probably, by not offering sufficient opposition, was bitter. She never took her eyes from Jay for an instant while the latter was playing the final match in the doubles. The more she knew of Jay's style, of her strength and of her weakness, the better she could vindicate her presumption in facing the school champion, the better she would be able to make Jay's inevitable victory look worth while.



Cocoanut Cookies to pack for Lunch

- ¾ cup shortening
- ¾ cup sugar
- 1 egg
- ¼ teaspoon lemon juice or extract
- ½ cup milk
- 1½ cups flour
- 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 cups fresh or moist grated cocoanut

Cream shortening; add sugar, beaten egg and lemon; mix in milk slowly; add flour, baking powder and salt which have been sifted together; add cocoanut. The batter should be quite stiff. Drop by small spoonfuls on greased pan. Do not smooth over, but allow space for spreading. Bake in moderate oven (375° F) 15 to 20 minutes. Makes 3 dozen small cookies.

ON nearly every hike there comes a time when good food over-balances the finest scenery in interest.

Then to set forth crisp delicious cookies from your lunch kit will certainly call down gratitude and admiration.

In Cocoanut Cookies as in all other baking, thrifty Girl Scouts find that Royal Baking Powder gives the best results. It can always be counted on to leaven perfectly without the faintest trace of bitterness.



The Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Contains no alum; leaves no bitter taste.

What this trade-mark



on Official Girl Scout Khaki Cloth
means—

TO BEGIN WITH, special cotton fibre is purchased for the manufacture of Girl Scout Khaki cloth. It is selected for color (a bright white), cleanliness and length of staple running over an inch, and its ability for hard wear. The cotton is then specially cleaned at the mill prior to carding and spinning. The carding is very carefully done so that any remaining impurities can be eliminated; also to secure the full benefit of the long staple for spinning the fine yarn.

The cloth is then woven and during the various processes of spinning and weaving careful inspections are made at intervals to catch imperfections, thus maintaining the high standard of quality necessary in this official material.

The second Installment in the manufacture of Girl Scout Khaki Cloth will appear next issue.

**Obtainable only through your
own National Girl Scout Official
Equipment Headquarters**

Manufactured by THE OTTO GOETZE CO., New York City

Girl Scouts Choose Our New Serial

Helen Ferris was perplexed. It was at a rally of the Girl Scouts of Nassau County, Long Island—and if you can imagine being absent-minded in the midst of a thousand energetic and amusing Girl Scouts, you can know just how pre-occupied she was. All she could think of as she waited for her turn to make a speech was, “I wonder which serial they’d rather have after *Roselle of the North*. Would they rather have that nice quiet New England story or *Raquel of the Ranch Country*?”

In fact she was thinking so hard that she almost forgot her speech. Then she had a brilliant inspiration. “Why I’ll ask them,” she said to herself, “and

that will settle it.”

So that is just what she did. Of course, it was necessary for her to take them into her confidence and tell them about the two stories—not all, for that would spoil the stories for them when they read them—but enough so they could know what the two serials were all about. And then the girls voted.

There wasn’t any doubt about which they wanted. *Raquel of the Ranch Country*, they said almost in one voice.

It begins next month, and as you read it from month to month you will find out why the girls of Nassau County, Long Island, said we *must* have it in the magazine.

“Why, Sue!”

(Continued from page 45)

When the moment arrived Sue was sick with stage-fright. Unexpectedly, Jay shook hands with her, smiled and complimented her on her victories. Poor Sue flamed crimson and found no word to say. During the warming-up she did perfectly atrocious things with the balls—put them far out of Jay’s reach, missed them altogether, once sent her racket hurtling into the net from nerveless fingers. Meanwhile the freshmen cheered and sang and uttered absurd and vaunting cries. She hoped Jay didn’t mind them. Jay didn’t appear to. She was quite calm.

Then they started at last, and Jay ran away with two games before Sue quite knew what had happened. That was awful and she held stern communion with herself. What must Jay be thinking of her? It wasn’t fair to Jay to fight no better than she had been fighting! She did better in the third game and, when they changed courts once more, it was “3-1, Miss Maitland leading.”

Sue found herself then and flashed about the court in her familiar way, trying everything, getting a surprising number of returns that looked impossible, and the games were two-all. Then Jay took the third, though it went to deuce and stayed there an incredible time. Jay’s serve was swift and difficult to handle but Sue was learning. This time they met at the table where the referee and the water pitcher and the towels were, and Jay smiled breathlessly and said, “You play beautifully, Miss Marston!”

Sue stammered something, she never knew what, and went on strengthened and determined to show well in the eyes of her adored one. Just how it all happened after that was a mystery to Sue. Intent on gaining credit with Jay Maitland, she played in a fashion that would have made Brother Hubert pop-eyed with amazement. Before she knew it, the games were 4-3. In an ecstasy, Sue broke through Jay’s serve and took the eighth. The freshmen were acting scandalously! Jay rallied and fought for the next game and won it. “The games,” announced the referee from atop the trembling table, “are 5-4! Miss Marston leads!”

Sue’s heart stood still! What, for goodness’ sake, had she done? Five to four! Why—why—if Jay didn’t take the next game she would have lost the set! Oh, what a terrible thing! In her eagerness to stand well in Jay’s eyes she had almost beaten her! Of course, thought Sue, the explanation was simple. Jay had played two hard sets of doubles just a little while back and was tired. But still—well, it was distinctly puzzling. And awkward! She would just have to miss some shots this time or else—

But missing shots isn’t so easy, especially when your opponent has decided to let you run out the set and concentrate her strength on the next two. Jay made scant effort and suddenly the referee, her voice shrilly incredulous, announced, “Game and set! Miss Marston leads!”

Real Indian moccasins! Next month’s issue explains how to make them

After that it was a terrible nightmare. Sue just couldn't lose. It was horrible! She won on her own serve and her opponent's. The score stood 2-0. Jay, faced with evident defeat, showed herself a fine sportsman. She smiled right along, more than once applauded her heart-broken opponent. She never let up after that last game of the first set but tried heroically to stem the tide of disaster. It just wasn't to be. We all have our off days and Jay was having hers. Perhaps her previous efforts of the morning and afternoon had tired her more than she had realized, but she was offering no excuses by word or action. Sometimes she wondered at the looks sent across the net by her opponent, looks that seemed imploring and apologetic and sorrowful—or would have seemed so if her common-sense hadn't told her that no victor could possibly look any such way!

Hating and despising herself, Sue tried hard to turn victory into defeat. She called herself a traitress and many more uncomplimentary names, she did all she could to lose points without having her efforts apparent; she knew well enough that Jay would take no joy of victory if she suspected charity. She did manage to make some misplays toward the last—desperate failures that the excited audience laid to weariness—but she couldn't misplay often enough to change the course of destiny. Jay drew even at three-all, but that was her final victory, although the eighth game went to deuce and see-sawed back and forth a long time before poor Sue, refraining from a return in the expectation that the ball would fall inside the back court, finally won. The traitor ball struck six inches outside! It was 5-3 then, and Sue gave up hope. She prayed for the end. It came suddenly. There was a shrill, terrific outburst from the freshmen, and Jay was reaching a slim brown hand across the net, smiling brightly and bravely. Sue took it, not daring to raise her moist eyes. There was a firm grasp. "You're simply corking, Miss Marston! We must try it again some day!" She couldn't speak. In fact, there was scarcely time, for her classmates bore down upon her and raised her on their shoulders and she went off, bobbing, bobbing, up and down, miserably unhappy.

But it didn't end there. Jay sought her after supper that evening. "We're playing two matches in June, Miss Marston," she said, "and we've just got to have you on the tennis team. Of course we'll have to call you a substitute, but you're perfectly certain to get a chance in one of the matches anyway. You will come with us, won't you?"

"Oh!" wailed Sue, and began to leak tears like a sieve.

"Gracious!" said Jay. "Whatever's the matter, child? Don't you want—"

"Oh! Oh!" cried Sue. "It isn't that! I didn't want to *b-b-beat* you! I t-t-tried not to! I just c-c-couldn't help it!"

Surprisingly, she found Jay's arms about her, heard Jay's laughter sympathizing and reassuring and, wonder of wonders, Jay's soft voice:

"Why, Sue!"



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BIRDLIKE poise, graceful carriage! Great artists, famous *couturieres* say that these are as essential to womanly beauty as perfect features, lovely skin.

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For Keds give feet and legs a chance to develop and induce the erect, supple posture so essential to beauty of figure.

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and white, high or low, Keds come in many models that are ideal for wear with pretty summer dresses or for every kind of sport.

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THE "DIANA"
Trim and attractive for
sports and general wear

What Kind of Girl are You?

*Are you a girl who is willing to work
for something you want very much?*

THEN THIS PAGE IS FOR YOU

THIS PAGE is for girls who are real Girl Scouts, who know that everything worth while in this world must be worked for.

It may be your Troop that wants something. A lovely new troop flag, for instance. Or one of the special archery sets—that is such fun. All your Troop need do is to get a certain number of subscriptions to THE AMERICAN GIRL and the flag—or the archery set—or any number of other things will be yours.

"You wouldn't believe how easy it was for our Troop," said a Captain, the other day. "We had our new troop flag in no time—all because of AMERICAN GIRL subscriptions."

And if it's you

Today is not too soon to start. Perhaps you would like a tam, like Gladima. They come in enchanting colors!

Or perhaps you want a pack sack for camp. Or a wrist watch. Or a duffel bag. Such articles are not to be won by securing one new subscription. They all take more. But what of that if you are a girl who perseveres?

For the girl who perseveres



A radiolite wrist watch for only nine one-year or six two-year subscriptions



A pedometer that shows how far you walk for only four one-year or three two-year subscriptions

For the troop that perseveres



An archery set—bow and arrows for only seven one-year or five two-year subscriptions



A troop flag which you may have in size 2 x 3 for five one-year or four two-year subscriptions

FREE Other things for those who persevere are a raincoat, a sweater, book ends, a duffel bag, a kodak—many, as you will see listed on page 62

SEND IN YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS AS YOU GET THEM



Gladima's Spring Resolution

Of course,
Said Gladima
I may not look
Quite as cute
As that girl
In a tam.

But my private
Opinion
Is that
I'll look mighty
Nifty.

Money to
Buy it?
Who said
I needed
Money?

I'm going
To get
Four one-year
Subscriptions to
THE AMERICAN GIRL
That's what.

Then I'll
Get my
Tam
Free.

Didn't Jane
Earn her own
Wrist watch
That way?

Goodness, one of
Those lovely archery sets
For only
FIVE two-year
Subscriptions!

Me for that tam.
And
Hurrah for
AMERICAN GIRL premiums,
Say I.

Gladima Scout

You'll miss many a good time if you don't renew your subscription

Outdoor Adventures

(Continued from page 31)

bees is much to be desired; we have nothing adequate in this country.

Isn't this too difficult, you ask? It is never difficult to discover interesting things. And as for the questions that you come upon, trying to find the answers is half the enjoyment. Take, for instance, the observations which Mary Youngman has made of bumblebees. "While watching a bumblebee flying about the flowers of a jewelweed, I saw it alight on the outside of the nectary of a flower, evidently for the purpose of obtaining nectar. It repeated this many times with other jewelweed flowers without attempting to enter them. When it flew away, I examined the flowers it had visited and found that the wall of the nectary had been punctured, leaving a small hole. At another time I saw other bumblebees, apparently of the same kind, enter jewelweed flowers and emerge with the hairs of their backs covered with pollen. I do not see why one bee should puncture the nectary and another evidently obtain nectar in the normal way by entering flowers."

Can you help her? And add some studies of your own about bees?

And here are more suggestions for your outdoor adventures. "Why has no one ever worked up a full life history with all its interesting details of any one of our common crickets? We have field crickets, cave and mole crickets, as well as giant water-bugs, toad-bugs, and mantids, lace-winged flies and crane flies. Little or nothing is really known of the egg stages of spittle bugs or of their development. No species of the American water scorpion has been carefully studied. Many insects' eggs have not yet been found, and the life stories of many of our smaller moths and butterflies remain undiscovered. For the girls of the West, snake flies or *Raphidia*, and Jerusalem crickets offer opportunities for observation."

Nothing new to see or to learn? I have mentioned only a few! The gray squirrels of our parks seem commonplace, but relatively little is known about the time, place and circumstance of their birth. An animal or bird census of a given area would be both valuable and interesting to all of you if a group of you can make one. Snakes and lizards are little known in their intimate life habits.

Few things are more interesting to

collect than shells and fossils. In many places there are good fossil beds and hunting fossils is one of the finest of pastimes. There are always so many interesting things to be found, and always the possibility that you—yes, you—will actually find something really important. No matter where you live, you can get geological maps and see where such things are found in your part of the country. Both land and sea shells make splendid collections. And perhaps you have a friend in another locality who will start a collection, too, and exchange interesting specimens with you.

Had you realized how many of Nature's secrets there are about us all the time, just waiting for the one who cares enough to come and learn about them? And will you not join other Girl Scouts in showing the discouraged El-lies how many new things there are under the sun that you can discover? Let us become aware of the many opportunities about us and, when we hear the complaint, "Oh, why has not someone found out this or that?"

may a good Girl Scout observer pipe up with the reply, "Because it has been left for me to do and I shall go about doing it just as soon as I possibly can!"

EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Bertha Chapman Cady is our own Girl Scout naturalist. Every girl who has gone on an outdoor adventure with Dr. Cady knows what a host of fascinating things have suddenly been found. But even though you may not be so fortunate as to meet Dr. Cady herself, you may still go on an outdoor adventure with her through the booklets which she has written for you and which you may buy through your National Equipment Department. You will find them all listed on page 65, under "Nature Program" and "Nature Projects." Get them—and start your nature adventuring at once if you have not already done so.

Do You Know

Where Natalie Schelun, Helen Walker and Margaret D. Slugg live? THEIR AMERICAN GIRL subscriptions were received without addresses and are being held here waiting to be claimed.



This is another honorable mention picture from the drawing contest entries. It is by Frieda Guderian, 14, of Troop 132, Brooklyn, New York

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"My Own Room" Contest

(Continued from page 44)

and a small walnut table which turned green, with the blue wicker chair, waste basket and the rest. I at last persuaded Mother to exchange my gay rug for the taupe color guest room carpet. Honeydew dye and four cream color sets of portières from the trunks in the attic, gave us overhangings, dressing table frill and lots of cushions.

When everything was finished and we were standing in the door admiring, I compared the room of two weeks ago with this—such a difference! After the little touches of color such as a gay door knocker and door stop set, a green quill for my desk, the regulation dressing table array, and long-legged dolls for the beds had been added, everything looked so sweet and fresh that I just wanted to hug it all. When people ask us what decorator did it, we smile and wonder what they would say if they saw the collection of miscellaneous old junk before it had been transformed so marvelously.

OUR TROOP ROOM

By Rowena Keepers, 16
Karnes City, Texas

Our troop room is a large room with a high ceiling and three big double windows. On account of its being one of the rooms in the school building it has steam heat. Our troop being so young has been unable to build a cabin.

The first thing we did for our room was for each girl to make a cushion. We made them out of black oilcloth and oil painted a pretty red rose (our troop crest) on them. They were about 16" x 18" and stuffed with cotton.

We were undecided in Honor Council about our curtains—the kind of material, color and designs—so each patrol leader was asked to put it to a vote in her patrol at our next meeting. When the votes were taken it was unanimous for unbleached domestic curtains with a red border and a red rose stenciled in the two facing corners because our shades are khaki, and these colors—red and khaki—seemed to be the Scout colors.

We have our United States flag at the front of the room above our troop flag. We needed a flag, but being a new troop we had no fund so we sold a subscription for the "American Legion" and received it as a premium.

We have learned to plaque pictures and have plaqued two for our room. One is very pretty—a Girl Scout saluting the flag in the evening, and the other is a blue-bonnet picture. Both plaques are bronze. We have put one between two double windows, and the other beside the other window on the next wall.

We are weaving a felt rug of red and khaki now for the floor. Each girl is weaving a strip and writes her name on it. The two colors are very pretty together and harmonize with the curtains, cushions and the little red book-shelf and what-not we have.

The bookshelf is made of boards that came off of crates. We sawed and put them together and painted them a pretty Chinese red with gold edges. It has three shelves. The what-not is a three cornered affair having three shelves—one large one and two small ones. This also was painted Chinese red with gold edges. It was made of boards from crates, too.

We have a small iron frame cot in one corner. It is covered with gayly colored chintz that falls clear to the floor on both ends and the outside.

There is, also, a small table placed under the United States flag.

On the wall next to the cot or lounge we have a large cardboard poster with pictures of our summer camp on it. A picture of Miss Wherry, whom we all love and admire, is placed above all of them.

HOW I ARRANGED MY ROOM TO MATCH MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S QUILT

By Betty Ball, 14
Winnetka, Illinois
Honorable Mention

In the first place the room was small—very small. There was hardly room for a bed, bureau, and desk. The tinting on the wall was a light blue—one of my favorite colors—and the wood-work a lovely cream. The two doors are a dark stain. It was around this color scheme and a lovely old satin patch-work quilt made by my great-grandmother, that I "made" my room.

The quilt was made in the 'eighties. It is a beautiful piece and contains every color from black velvet and dark plaids to the white satin of Grandmother's wedding-dress. All of the pieces are embroidered, some with names, others with flowers. There are pieces with boats and tennis-rackets. One part of the lovely quilt is a piece of a badge—orange and black—representing the Princeton Sophomore Reception of 1882.

Because it was so bright, Mother and I covered the back and banded it with a Delft blue matching some of the pieces.

The pillow-sham we also made of the same blue. Perched on it are three little lingerie pillows.

We had originally planned white curtains with cretonne draperies, but lest the attention be drawn away from the quilt, only the white voile ones were put up. This also made the room much lighter.

While in the five and ten cent store one day, I was attracted by a pair of parchment lamp-shades just the right shade of blue, and I promptly bought them, saving the cost of expensive silk ones.

The rugs are plain blue mohair bordered by a darker blue.

Fortunately I had an antique chest of drawers and a quaint old



May Day in Austria. From a postal card received from an Austrian Girl Scout

Rags—you'll love him, just as his two friends did—

mirror to match. The mirror was found in the attic of an old New England farmhouse, where it had been discarded because the glass was imperfect.

To continue the mahogany furniture plan a steel bed finished in mahogany was bought. A small mahogany sewing chair was donated by mother, to match a Martha Washington sewing-table. It has a quaint reed seat.

At Christmas-time last year I saw a lovely spinet desk which I decided would match the rest of my furniture, so I asked mother for it. Christmas morning there stood that desk with a chair to match! Both being mahogany, they fitted perfectly into their new surroundings. A friend who had been invited to share our Christmas dinner brought to me a brown leather desk set.

The whole effect of the room was one of soft blue and rich mahogany, forming a lovely background to great-grandmother's quilt.



Those receiving Honorable Mention are:

Dorothy Arundel, Troop 29, Hollis, L. I., N. Y.; Margaret Bader, Troop 4, Fremont, Nebraska; Betty Ball, Winnetka, Illinois; Elizabeth Barker, Troop 1, Windham, Connecticut; Nell Bevel, Lufkin, Texas; Patsy Boylston, Troop 4, Wilmette, Illinois; Althea Decker, Troop 9, Elizabeth, New Jersey; Mary Alice Griggs, Troop 1, Amarillo, Texas; Beatrice Gunther, Rutherford, New Jersey; Carolyn Hall, Troop 18, Rochester, New York; Marie Hall, Troop 15, Montclair, New Jersey; Dorothy M. Hoyt, Phillips, Maine; Helen Hudson, Fronttown, Virginia; Priscilla Hudson, Troop 13, Newton Centre, Massachusetts; Ruth Ingalls, Troop 3, Lexington, Massachusetts; Therselda Kaplan, Troop 47, New York, New York; Jean Laughlin, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Mary Lyon Leak, Troop 1, Greensboro, North Carolina; Martha Lee, Telluride, Colorado; Allene Loomis, Torrington, Wyoming; Florence Lounz, Bogota, New Jersey; Alma Mengel, Flint, Michigan; Helen G. Miller, Coral Gables, Florida; Naona Moreland, Citronella, Alabama; Ruth G. Nichols, Troop 1, Summit, New Jersey; Virginia Parker, Troop 1, Maywood, New Jersey; June Randolph, Troop 96, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Eloise Scherr, Troop 4, Keyser, West Virginia; Virginia Joy Schubert, Rock Port, Missouri; Dorothy Seiferlein, Troop 3, Saginaw, Michigan; Lillian Solar, Atlanta, Georgia; Margaret Talbert, Liverpool, England; Kathryn Trafton, Hartford, Connecticut; Margaret Tower, Middleport, New York; Margaret Walker, Troop 135, Coraopolis, Pennsylvania; Tera Woolley, Troop 2, Athens, Ohio; Ruth Works, Troop 6, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Scores of the letters we received for the contest contained very interesting ideas in room decoration. We were unable to print more in this issue, but we hope, from time to time, to have some of the best in the magazine for you to read. Watch for them during the summer!



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Of course, there are other things you can have for a larger number of subscriptions. You will find the complete list on page 62.

Even though he does howl through half the story in the June issue

THE TRUE STORY OF A WONDERFUL COLLIE



Gray Dawn

by Albert Payson Terhune

The thrilling story of the adventures, courage, and devotion of a great silver-gray collie, the son of another of Mr. Terhune's collie heroes, Bruce. \$2.00

PRIZE COLLIE CONTEST

A thoroughbred Sunnybank collie will be awarded as a prize for the best written comment of 200 words, by any boy or girl up to fifteen years of age, on "Why the Collie is Man's Greatest Dog Companion." An entrance blank giving the conditions of the contest may be had on request from your Bookseller or from Harper & Brothers.

BOOKS FOR SCOUTING AND FOR SUMMER HOLIDAYS

The Out-of-Doors Club

by Samuel Scoville, Jr. Adventures in nature lore in wood and field and stream. \$1.50

The Perilous Isle

by Octavia Roberts. An exciting story of mystery and adventure and romance in the midst of a negro uprising in San Domingo. \$1.75

Joan of Arc

by Mark Twain. The most fascinating of all biographies of this most romantic figure in all history. \$3.00

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Things to Make and Other Books

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

The Reader's Guide, Saturday Review of Literature

THIS month the "useful books" come first, for some of them might have been written expressly for you. Take *The New Butterick Dressmaker* (Dodd Mead), for instance. This is a complete course in cutting, sewing and finishing anything that can be made from a paper pattern. There are photographs at every point where the explanation calls for them, and altogether I do not see how needlework could be made simpler to understand and imitate.

Another welcome addition to your handicraft collection is *How to Decorate Textiles*, by Zelda Branch (Dodd Mead). Suppose you wish to paint on silk: this shows you how to prepare and transfer the design—the back of the book has a chapter on the principles of design—how the "wax resist" is put on, the method of applying paint or dye, the steaming that sets the dye, and the final touches to the work. The same detailed directions are given for appliqué, including the pasted-on flowers from crêtonne used in the theatrical costumes and effects, and the inverse process of cutting out a design and backing it with another material; then come embroidery, dyeing of every type, stencil and spatter, and a section on braided and hooked rugs.

Speaking of American home-made rugs, there is a new book on them that has been in course of preparation for years and now takes its place as the most complete work on this old but ever-new sort of household equipment. *Hand-made Rugs*, by Ella Shannon Bowles (Little, Brown) will be published early in April, and as this column goes to press before that, I have not yet seen it. But I have heard about it both from the author and the publishers, and can tell you to look out for it. It is a history with descriptions and pictures of the methods of making many sorts of rugs. Another book from the same publishers,

Eliza Calvert Hall's *A Book of Hand-Woven Coverlets*, has just been recognized as the best on its subject by the Colonial Coverlet Guild of America—I didn't know there was such a society, but from the beautiful pictures in Mrs. Hall's book I don't see why there shouldn't be.

You wish me to keep you informed on Indian books, and a valuable one about them has just appeared, *The American Indian*, by A. Hyatt Verrill (Appleton). It stands out from among most books about original Americans because it treats the aborigines not only of North America but of Central and South America as well. It is a history and a survey of conditions to-day, recording religious beliefs, legends, dances and ceremonials, the doings of medicine men, industries and arts, weapons and utensils, in a series of chapters dealing with the whole country; then it takes Indians in various sections of the Americas and describes their traits and conditions one by one. Mr. Verrill has been engaged for years in research work for the Museum of the American Indian, whose great stone building is one of the group crowning one of the highest spots of New York City—a sort of Manhattan Acropolis, at 155th Street and Broadway. If you live in this town no doubt you have visited the museums there, and if you come here on a trip, be sure not to miss this beautiful hilltop.

If I could have held over my review of books for the International Number until now, I would have included one that is meant to encourage the "international mind" in readers from ten to fifteen: *The Young Folk's Book of Other Lands*, by Dorothy M. Stuart (Little, Brown). It takes one around the world, beginning in the Far East and visiting the countries of Asia Minor and the continent of Europe, and returning

(Continued on page 54)

Can you guess what it is? I wonder—meaning next month's surprise



Good Fiction for Girl Scouts

Four authors who are old-time friends of Girl Scouts. See whether you have read all of their books

Constance Lindsay Skinner

SILENT SCOT: FRONTIER SCOUT—A boy's story of the Tennessee frontier during the Revolution. \$1.75

THE WHITE LEADER—Spanish and Indian plots after the Revolution. \$1.75

BECKY LANDERS: FRONTIER WARRIOR—The complete story of a favorite heroine. \$2.00

Katharine Adams

TOTO AND THE GIFT—A French girl works out her destiny in New York City. \$2.00

MEHITABLE—An American girl at school in Paris. \$1.75

THE SILVER TARN—Mehitable at school on the edge of a Yorkshire moor. \$2.00

MIDSUMMER—A story for Boys and Girls. A Summer vacation in Sweden. \$1.75

RED CAPS AND LILIES—A story of the French Revolution for young people. \$2.00

WISP—A Girl of Dublin. A tenement child and her American friends. \$2.00

Cornelia Meigs

MASTER SIMON'S GARDEN—A romance of three generations in New England, from Puritan to Revolutionary times. \$2.00

THE POOL OF STARS—A "different" mystery, solved by a boy and girl preparing for college in a historic town. \$1.50

THE WINDY HILL—Through the history told them by the Bee-man, a boy and girl in their teens solve the family mystery. \$1.50

THE NEW MOON—An Irish boy as a pioneer sheep-herder; his friendship for an Indian boy and girl; for readers over ten. \$2.00

RAIN ON THE ROOF—A lonely boy finds a story teller and the clue to stranger treasure, in a sea-coast town; for readers over ten. \$1.50

THE KINGDOM OF THE WINDING ROAD—The beggar and his silver pipe lead the children through twelve delightful fairy tales. \$1.75

Two plays for younger boys and girls to read and act:

HELGA AND THE WHITE PEACOCK. \$1.00

THE STEADFAST PRINCESS. \$1.75

Margaret Ashmun

BRENDA STAYS AT HOME—What happened in Riversley when Brenda's friends went to college. \$2.00

SCHOOL KEEPS TO-DAY. \$1.75

NO SCHOOL TO-MORROW. \$1.75
Around the year with a little girl of eight in the country.

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STEPHEN'S LAST CHANCE—What a western vacation did for a boy. \$1.75

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Things to Make and Other Books

(Continued from page 52)

to America by way of the British Isles. Someone was asking me the other day why no one wrote books like the old *Zig-Zag Journeys*, by Hezekiah Butterworth, for which boys and girls used to watch every Christmas, when a new one came out. They used to take a party of boys on travels in Europe, the Orient, the Far West and so on. This is a book that has the same general purpose. If you like to travel backwards into history, there is Albert Blaisdell's *Boys and Girls in American History* (Little, Brown); this is for younger readers, to show them what part children took in the life and adventures of our picturesque past.

One of the most picturesque figures of our past really never lived at all, save in the imaginations of our loggers, but they gave him so much life that it has taken more than one book to set down the doings of Paul Bunyan. The one I like best is Esther Shepard's *Paul Bunyan* (Harcourt), for it is just a straightforward retelling of the loggers' yarns, much as they told them around the stove in the camps.

I think *The Adventures of Paul Bunyan*, an arrangement of the tales for children by James Cloyd Bowman (Century), may have been made to satisfy people who feared that their children might take to lying as a result of these very "tall tales." I myself don't see why they should: it never occurred to me to describe my daily life after the manner of Baron Munchausen, though I read his adventures when I was very young and impressionable. It seems to me that the original tales, with all their impossibilities and exaggerations, are so much in the spirit of heroic make-believe that children understand better than anyone else, that they would be just the ones to take Paul Bunyan without apologies. Mr. Bowman's book, however, does dress up the adventures and make it quite clear that they are make-believe, and if you are afraid that your Brownie friends will take liberties with the truth if given the original version, this one is safe enough. Here are Babe, the Blue Ox and Carrie McIntie, Ole and the cornstalk and any number of the famous feats. Speaking of stories of this sort, did you know that there was a perfect mine of them in *Tall Tales of the Kentucky Mountains*, by Percy Mackaye (Doran)? They make fascinating material for the storyteller, though really one should read them aloud so as not to lose the dialect—old English, left over from the time of Elizabeth, and twisted into curious shapes in the Blue Ridge Mountains. You will find stories you recognize from other lands—one, *The Mule-Humans*, introduces a real centaur. It is thrilling enough to come upon him (as the result of an enchantment) here in America.

I wish you would look through Anne Carroll Moore's latest book on reading, a little volume called *Crossroads to Childhood* (Doran), and see if you don't find the section on books for the 'teens unusually helpful and practical. Miss Moore is at the head of the famous Children's Room of the New York Public

Library at 42nd Street. Her experience, however, is not confined to this country alone: she knows French children and their books and has written a story about a Dutch doll, Nicholas, who came to New York and visited the sights, including the Children's Room, where he met the children that come out of books there (*Nicholas*, Putnam). The reasons for choosing these 'teen-books are one of the features of a most interesting volume, the third in a series but quite complete in itself.

Now for the stories. At the top of the list this month I put *Once in France*, by Marguerite Clement (Doubleday), a volume of short stories telling with humor and vigor and charm some of the legends and incidents in the history of France. Notice the style of these and see how swiftly and brightly it moves and yet how well the words can thrill you when the moment is thrilling. There are not many novels or stories of French history for young people, and I am glad this volume is so good. The pictures are French, too.

I have just read two new mystery stories; one is *The Scratches on the Glass*, by Gladys Blake (Appleton), in which a family of globe-trotters come to rest in an old manor-house in Georgia and find on the windowpane curious marks that seem to be a guide to the whereabouts of a hoard of Cherokee gold. But by the time these are deciphered the tale has been complicated by another claimant. The other story is *Priscilla of Prydehurst*, by Hammel Johnson (Appleton), a second volume in a series about another old Southern manor-house; the heroine, "Frilly," is under the suspicion of being a false claimant. There are the same young people who appeared in the first story, *Prydehurst*.

Now to bring this record to a close for the month, I must tell you of a story over which London is laughing, the work of a twelve year old girl named Peggy Temple, called *The Admiral and Others* (Dutton). It seems that during the last Easter holidays Peggy, whose father is a newspaper man, decided that this business of writing novels was not so difficult as grown-up people made out, and set to work to prove it by a book of her own. It is the tale of a young man who accepts an invitation to a houseparty from a family with most unusual ways of entertaining guests and only a general idea of where to put them when they arrive—in tents on the lawn, for instance. Among these guests is an admiral unlike any other in life or literature, a fussy, hot-tempered old fellow, always barking up the wrong tree. The funniest part of the book is his making up his mind that a mild case of chickenpox on the part of one of the boys in the house is smallpox and reporting it as such to the highest authorities within reach. That may not sound funny but it is when Peggy tells it. She wisely keeps away from love affairs and other grown-up materials for fiction and sticks to matters on which she is personally informed, and the result is most amusing, and a credit to a healthy, hearty girl.

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A Purse for Your Spring Costume

(Continued from page 19)

show against the embroidery. The hoops are not necessary, for the linen is stiffened, and you do not pull your loops tight. Even if the loops are a tiny bit loose, you can later press them flat, for the paper is very flexible.

Never knot the ends of the twist. All pieces should be started by making one or two small stitches parallel to the stamped guide lines and covering them with regular stitches. To end a thread, weave it back and forth several times on the wrong side of the material.

To embroider the leaves, thread the needle with a convenient length of crepe paper twist and embroider with the strand doubled. Run the stitches either from tip to stem of the leaves, or from the vein that runs down the center to the edge, slantingly, as the design seems to call for. Your knowledge of embroidery will dictate the proper procedure.

Select the color of crepe paper twist to be used for the background, and then procure a piece of crayon the same color. Rub the crayon on the surface of the stamped pattern so that the white of the background cannot show through the stitches, as it might if your stitches were not close enough together. It is advisable to crayon only small sections of the pattern at a time, as you are ready to embroider those sections—otherwise the crayon will rub.

Embroider the background with two strands, making a saw-tooth edge between the rows, with the exception of the edge which forms the border, which is made straight. There are lines on the stamped pattern which show you how long the stitches should be. Make one stitch exactly on the line, and the next stitch just over the next thread of the open mesh linen of the background. The third stitch goes just to the line and the fourth just over it. When you embroider the second row, put your needle in the same holes as you did in finishing the first row, and your linen background will be thoroughly covered with paper stitches without the possibility of a bit of the linen showing.

The border, which should be of a different color (preferably a darker tone) is embroidered in the same manner, only making the edges straight. In making the borders, all horizontal guide lines are embroidered with vertical stitches, and all vertical lines are embroidered with horizontal stitches. At the corners, the stitches are decreased in length by following the line to the corner point. If a few spaces appear after the embroidery is completed, they may be filled in with a few extra stitches.

To make the edging, turn back the
(Continued on page 59)



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"Earn-Your Own Club" girls aren't worrying about money for camp. See page 59

The Beholder

(Continued from page 30)

blades in my quest. About a foot from where I had seen the snake enter I came upon the most interesting sight. There, weaving in and out, evidently playing tag, or perhaps leap frog, were some dozen young snakes. Still others were basking in the sun-light, and looking at me (I thought sheepishly) was my little friend, whom I then began to call Blacky, because he seemed a trifle darker than his playmates. Instantly a dozen black heads were raised and twice that many tongues were thrust to warn me that I must not intrude further.

"That ended my efforts on that day to learn something more about the grass-snake. But that was merely a beginning. It took many silent hours of waiting, and before the summer days were over I had not only learned about the life habits of the grass-snake, but I had visited Blacky's home, and met his mother and father, who appeared to be two very respected inhabitants of Snake-land."

"Won't a grass-snake bite if you give him a chance?" asked Ruth.

"Gracious sakes, no!" I exclaimed. "They're just as afraid of you as you are of them. Besides, their tongues are not poisonous, and they cannot bite. They have only a means to scare, and not to carry out their threat."—HELEN C. MILLER, Janesville, Wisc.

The forked tongue is a delicately sensitive feeler to indicate what is immediately in front of him as his eyes do not look forward but upward. His enemies come down from above as a general thing. A forked tongue covers a wider space than would a single point. The "fangs" are only found in poisonous snakes like the rattlers and copperheads.

Legends for Gardeners

Are you, too, digging in the good fresh earth of your garden? I am, and also peeping into the tulip cups in the vain hope that I might find a wee pixie baby fast asleep there. The folk-tales of old Devon assure us that it was the fairy folk who gave tulips their wonderful colors and made cradles of their velvet cups. As I look into the flower cups and see the black hearts, I am reminded that in Persia the tulip is given by a youth to the maid he loves. In its bright color she sees the flame of his love, and deep in the flower cup she may find the charred cinders of his heart. I look out over my beds of gloriously colored blossoms and across the greening fields and my mind sees again the bleak battle field where the sorely wounded Horus lay while Isis knelt beside him weeping. As her tears fell upon the ground each crystal drop rose again as an exquisite flower. Today we watch for their return when spring is come. Every flower that blooms has a story to tell and the more of these tales we know, the richer are the hours we spend in our gardens or fields.—BERTHA CHAPMAN CADY, *Girl Scout Naturalist*.



Come and Camp with the Girl Scouts at ANDREE

THIS is your National Girl Scout camp where Girl Scouts for seven years have learned the joy of working and playing together in the out-of-doors. It is located in the hills of Westchester, only thirty miles from New York.

The Camp is conducted entirely on the patrol system, with each patrol in its own encampment. Here Girl Scouts may study Nature Lore, Map Making, Pioneering, Pageantry, Archery, Country Dancing. Instruction in Swimming and Red Cross Life Saving is given under competent supervision. The Camp is open to all registered Girl Scouts fourteen years of age or over.

CAMP ANDREE is a real adventure in the comradeship of Girl Scouting.

Open July 1st to September 2nd—Rate \$15.00 per week.

Camp Edith Macy,

just across the road from Camp Andree, is open to Girl Scout leaders and every one over eighteen years of age who wishes to become a Girl Scout leader or is interested in Girl Scout training.

A vacation at Camp Edith Macy is a joyous combination of work and play. Practical courses in Introductory and Advanced Troop Management, Nature Lore, Forestry, Campcraft, Psychology of Leadership. Courses for Local Directors will be given in the morning. The afternoon program is elective. During July and August there will be an opportunity for those Girl Scout Leaders and others who do not wish to register for any courses to spend their vacations at Camp Edith Macy. Rate per Week \$20.00.

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The International Camp in Switzerland

If you are going to be in Europe this summer visit the International Camp of Girl Scouts and Girl Guides in Switzerland. It will be held from August 5-16 in Parc d'Ariana, Geneva.

The plan is that two First Class Girl Scouts or Golden Eaglets, fifteen, sixteen or seventeen years old, who have been Girl Scouts for at least three years and are in active service in their troops, be chosen from each region to make up the troop that will represent the United States.

Girl Scouts not under a Council and who are planning to be in Europe may send their names to their Regional Chairman.

Tell your Captain to watch **THE LEADER** for complete details.

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University Credit. Students enrolled for September and February. Exceptional residence facilities. Miss Harriette Melissa Mills, Principal, 66 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"And it Grew and it Grew"

(Continued from page 33)

to see "Girl Scouts in action," and there was plenty of action, we have been assured, from an opening parade to demonstrations in First Aid; from lighting a fire without matches to signaling and archery, and finally from supper served on the lawn to "Taps," sung around a glowing campfire.

In Shelley, Idaho

Girl Scouts served a banquet to the Chamber of Commerce

"My girls and their mothers helped me serve a banquet to the Shelley Chamber of Commerce," we hear from Captain Gertrude Roberts. "Not only was the evening successful from the financial point of view, for we cleared \$37.50, but we feel that we have given many citizens a clearer understanding of Girl Scouting."

In Middletown, New York

Twenty-two Girls won the Home Nursing Badge

All through the spring of last year this large class of Girl Scouts attended a course in home nursing given by the Superintendent of Nurses at the State Hospital. "Mrs. Slawson (the nurse) kept us all so interested that I'm sure we got more than a mere knowledge of elementary nursing," writes one of the class. "We were sorry when we finished, even though that meant we were to receive our badges at the Rally."

In Springfield, Massachusetts

Girl Scouts founded a "Bank of Health"

At their annual winter rally, Girl Scouts of Springfield not only gave a pageant thronged with such lively characters as the "Vivacious Vitamines," the "Tremendous Tooth Brush Brigade," Captain Milk, Charlie Cheese, Annie Apple, Lottie Lettuce, and Citizen Clock, but also launched a three months project called the "Bank of Health." In this the Girls will deposit "health points," and bank officials will keep charts of individual progress. A second rally will be held in the late spring, at which the names of the most successful depositors will be announced—these being the girls who have held the finest record, or made the greatest improvement in their health.

In Knoxville, Tennessee

Girl Scouts built a complete dolls' house for a fair

"We Girl Scouts of Knoxville," reads a letter from Josephine Ijams describing this tiny home, "had great fun not long ago when we built and furnished a dolls' house for the East Tennessee Division Fair. There was even a small garden and a lily pool!"

"Let's suppose you and I had taken a bite of Alice in Wonderland's toadstool, as we stood before this house. When we had shrunk to the proper size,

we entered the small front door. In a corner of the hall we saw a small telephone standing on a small table, over which hung a mirror. There were steps in front of us, but we decided to enter the living room first.

"Walking on the soft rugs, we did not even disturb the old gentleman reading his newspaper before the fire, nor his son at the radio in the corner, but soon the lady at the baby grand piano turned and begged us to be seated. We found the blue velvet davenport very comfortable, and Mrs.— chose a nearby chair of the same kind. Before us glowed the cheerful fire (really a tiny electric globe covered with red tissue paper. The logs and andirons were set over this). We noticed now that the curtains were of bright chintz, which, combined with the standing lamp in the corner, and the lights on either side of the piano, served to give the room a very cheerful aspect.

"Presently our hostess invited us to view the dining room. On the way across the hall we glanced into the shining kitchen. The linoleum gleamed with recent scrubbing, and the sink under the window looked very clean too. On the table lay a tiny rolling pin. In one corner stood the gas range, and opposite it, the white kitchen cabinet. In another corner were ranged the mop and broom, tops up, in a very Girl Scout-like way.

"In the dining room we found a color scheme of gray and blue, with the same chintz hangings. Over the table in the center of the room hung a low electric light, and on the buffet sat a bowl of tiny apples. On the opposite side a serving table stood conveniently at hand.

"We now returned to the living room, and passed through the door by the piano onto the broad terrace, formed of flagstones with moss-grown crevices. Down the flagstone walk we strolled, past elaborate flower beds and a lawn (of green burlap and moss). Presently we reached the coolest spot in the garden—the lily pool, with several lilies afloat on its surface. Back of the pool lay a thickly shrubbed plot encircling a rustic bench. Continuing our walk around the garden, we came to the large elm tree, where one of the children played in a rope swing.

"We now returned to the house and entered the bedroom which seemed to belong to the daughter of the family. Near the window stood a pretty white bed, matching a small dressing table and bureau. Next to this room we found the grandmother's room, done in lavender and white. Farther down the hall we came to the nursery where the baby lay asleep in its crib, the bassinet by its side and the tiny tub in a corner. We glanced across the hall, too, at the bathroom, which is complete even to the medicine chest, and then ended our sight-seeing tour in a large bedroom at the end of the hall. Here were twin beds with lace spreads, a chaise longue amply flooded with light from a floor lamp, a chiffonier, and a comfortable window seat well provided with pillows."

You'll smile—thousands of girls will smile—

A Purse for Your Spring Costume

(Continued from page 55)

edge of the canvas, leaving one row of mesh spaces around the pattern outside of the embroidered border. Embroider with a whipping stitch, one stitch in every space of the mesh. When the whipping is completed, cut away the unnecessary canvas close to the embroidery, but be careful not to cut any stitches.

The finish of a purse embroidered with crêpe paper twist is soft and rather delicate. It can be given much additional strength by coating it with transparent amber sealing wax which has been dissolved in denatured alcohol. Dissolve a small stick of amber sealing wax in enough alcohol to give the consistency of water. Lay the embroidery on a flat surface, right side up, pin down the corners, and with a small brush, coat each color separately. Wait a few minutes between colors, so that there is no possible chance for the colors to run. This advice is given just in case you apply the sealing wax solution too generously. When the right side is dry, turn it over and coat the reverse side. Be sure to allow the work to dry thoroughly before you handle it.

The purses of envelope shape can be made either with or without the gussets. They hold more if they have gussets, however, and the small amount of extra sewing involved is more than compensated for by the added practicability of the purse.

Cut a piece of silk half an inch longer and wider than the embroidered part, and turn a generous quarter inch hem all around. Cut a piece of muslin for the interlining the size of the hemmed silk. Lay the muslin on the wrong side of the silk and fold the hem of the silk over the edges of the muslin.

Lay the silk over the bag with the hem down. Sew the lining to the outer part of the purse. The needle, passing through the silk and the muslin interlining, should come up through the space between the border and the whipped edge. Fold the purse into envelope shape. If you are not going to use gussets, it is ready to sew together up the sides.

If you are going to use gussets, cut four pieces of silk half an inch longer than the height of the folded part of the purse, the top to measure four inches across and the bottom to measure three inches across. Make a quarter inch hem all around each piece. Cut two pieces of muslin a trifle smaller than the silk pieces. Sew this muslin in between two pieces of silk, and put a crease down the center of the finished gusset. Sew in the gussets, one on each side of the purse, with the widest part on top, having the stitches come up between the border and the whipped edge.

These purses are very smart with spring suits, and they are just the thing to use later in the season at the seashore, with light summer dresses. And the great advantage is—they are so simple and inexpensive to make that you can have several.

Haven't you said it yourself?

"If I only could...."

Meaning, more than likely, that some precious plan takes more money than you happen to have handy



Let Our

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Club help make your dreams come true

KATHRYN BROWN WILL TELL YOU

Kathryn is a member of our Earn-Your-Own Club from Troop 28, Corona, Long Island. Kathryn knows that the Earn-Your-Own Club way of making dreams come true works because she has made it work. She has earned money for her own plans—and she knows that you can do it, too. This is how Kathryn does it:

"One evening after finishing one of the exciting Becky Landers stories, I turned over a few pages looking for another story to read. My attention was attracted by an article. What attracted me was a picture of a cute girl. I read on and it explained how many girls earn their own money for things they want. Of course, there were lots of things I wanted so I was interested right away.

"The very next day I wrote to Headquarters and Betty Brooks sent me some circulars and a few copies of THE AMERICAN GIRL. She very kindly explained to me how to secure and send in subscriptions.

"Our Girl Scout meeting was five days off and I couldn't wait for that to get subscriptions. I felt very busy when the next morning I brought my envelope filled with the circulars and copies of

THE AMERICAN GIRL to school. I distributed the circulars to the girls I thought were most interested, and the sample copies, too.

"The very next day I secured subscriptions. One of the girls who was rather doubtful that her mother would let her subscribe said, 'Mother was only too glad to let me subscribe when she read the names of the authors who write for it.'

"It was the same story all the way through. All parents, whether parents of Girl Scouts or other girls, seem to agree that THE AMERICAN GIRL is the best magazine for girls. Our Captain is interested in it and she urges all the girls to subscribe for their own copies. We hope our troop will soon be a one hundred per cent AMERICAN GIRL troop."

WHAT DO YOU MOST WISH TO DO THIS SUMMER?

Earn the money now—then do it!

Any reader of THE AMERICAN GIRL may join the Earn-Your-Own Club and earn money for what she wants. It's simple to join. Just write Betty Brooks that you wish to become a member and she will tell you how, just as she told Kathryn.

Write to BETTY BROOKS

%The Earn-Your-Own Club, THE AMERICAN GIRL
670 Lexington Avenue New York City

At what? At next month's news, of course!

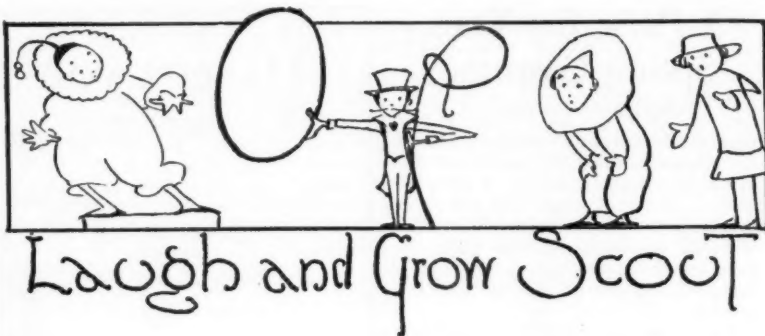
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Laugh and Grow Scout

How He Lost His Case

A young lawyer, pleading his first case, had been retained by a farmer to prosecute a railroad for killing twenty-four hogs. He wanted to impress the jury with the magnitude of the injury.

"Twenty-four hogs, gentlemen," he said, "just think! Twenty-four—twice the number there in the jury box."—Sent by SYLVIA M. PORETSKY, Washington, D. C.

The Funniest Joke I Heard This Month

Economy

A mother was sending her son an overcoat from Maine. In the bundle she put this note.

"In order to cut down postage I cut off all the buttons. P. S. You will find them in the lower right hand pocket."—Sent to "Laugh and Grow Scout" by HELEN LOUISE SCHWEITZER, Troop No. 3, Flint, Michigan.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

Queer

"You must find that impediment in your speech rather inconvenient at times, Mr. Biggs."

"Oh, n-n-o, everybody has his peculiarity. Stammering is m-m-mine. What is yours?"

"Well really, I am not aware that I have any."

"D-do you stir your tea with your right hand?"

"Why yes, of course."

"W-well, that is your p-peculiarity; most p-people

use a t-teaspoon."—Sent by JEAN THOMPSON, Glen Ridge, New Jersey.

Why, Of Course

FIRST-CLASS SCOUT: What kind of ears has an engine?

TENDERFOOT: I don't know.

FIRST-CLASS SCOUT: Why, engineers, of course.



A Skeptical Guard

During his first few days in camp, Brown was the victim of so many practical jokes that he doubted all men and their motives. One night while he was on guard, the tall figure of one of the officers loomed up in the darkness before him.

"Who goes there?" he challenged.

"Major Moses," replied the officer.

Brown scented a new joke.

"Glad to meet you, Moses," he said cheerfully. "Advance and give the ten commandments."—Sent by ELEANOR M. LIESENBEIN, Woodhaven, New York.

Pat

Meets

his First

Prescription

MRS. MULLIGAN: Pat, didn't th' doctor lave yez innny medicine?

MR. MULLIGAN: Not a bit. He'd have me makin' a billy goat av mesilf—takin' this piece av paper ivry three hours.—Sent by GENEVIEVE KERWIN, Norwalk, Connecticut.

In Answer

"Bread, bread, give me bread," the actor cried, and the curtain came down with a roll.—Sent by ANNA I. PURTILL, Westerly, R. I.



Clever Tent!

The girls enjoyed dinner which was cooked by one of the tents.—Bonnie Brae Echoes, Massachusetts.



A Music Professor and the Harmonica

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Good News About our American Girl Premiums

We are pleased to tell you that the following articles are now on The American Girl Premium list. No matter what it is you want for summer camp or your troop, you will find it on our Premium List, on page 62. But these new and especially desirable articles are now offered to you for the first time, in this way:

Article	1 yr.	2 yr.
First Aid Camp Kit	3	2
Standards for Flag-staffs	3	2
Pedometer	4	3
Tam No. 3	4	3
Pack Sack	5	3
Girl Scout Book Ends	6	4
Duffel Bag (12 x 36)	6	4
Pack Basket	6	5
Archery Set (Special)	7	5
Duffel Bag (15 x 36)	7	5
Duffel Bag (18 x 36)	8	6
Clock (Radiolite-Midget)	10	7
Bathing Suit	10	7
Camera Kodak	11	8

For full information about these premiums see page 62.

College on Your Own

(Continued from page 15)

it's hard, I won't deny it, to buckle down when girls with more leisure are dancing and talking. But, very early in my college career, I learned to tuck in little duties at odd moments and to concentrate upon the task in hand. And then, in the free time I had, I participated in the college activities in which I was most interested.

If you must be entirely self-supporting in college, with no help from your family or a scholarship, I think the wisest thing for you to do would be to work a year or two after leaving high school and save some money. An initial fund, something to draw on in the beginning, is important enough, I think, to warrant a few years' delay in entering college. And also, during those years, you will be getting experience and a sense of the value of time that will be of great advantage to you later on.

I did not go directly to college from high school for financial reasons. But, quite apart from the money and experience I gained by waiting, I am very glad I had those years between the two. I think this period gives a girl—at least it did me—a chance to decide positively that college is what she wants. I was older and better able to meet the problems that have presented themselves since I entered here. And I am sure, also, that many of my courses have meant more to me because I had learned to think a little for myself and knew what I wanted to retain and what to let go.

There seem to be a good many I's in this story. They are necessary, though, if I am to give any idea of what working one's way through college means. The experiences I know best are my own, and the information I can give you is based on the solving of my own problems. But, as I said before, I think my case is fairly typical. Another girl may earn her money by journalistic work or music; another, without special experience or talent in any line, may choose the miscellaneous jobs such as waiting on table, taking care of children, or tutoring. But whatever she does, anyone who tries to be self-supporting during her college career must meet somewhat the same situations that I have had to meet here in the past three years.

One thing more. I won't consider a college degree worth while if I lose health or purpose in its attainment. The first semester I was here I worked a good deal of the time and spent the rest of it thinking how hard I worked. I was on the verge of that most terrible of vices—self-pity. Fortunately, I was jolted out of this martyrdom by meeting a girl who was overcoming much greater handicaps than I.

As I sit here at my typewriter, I see Julia, in her new spring suit and her jaunty felt hat, coming across the campus—pretty, gay Julia who couldn't see "how I did it" and whose questions started the train of thought that led me to write

(Continued on page 62)

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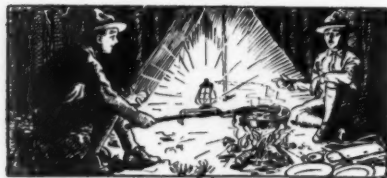
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College On Your Own

(Continued from page 61)

this story of my college experiences. And I ask myself again, "Is college worth while for the girl who must pay her own bills?" Worth while, I mean, during the time she is there, because most people will agree that the results are desirable afterwards.

My answer is a decided "yes." I have found college worth the working and saving and sacrifices I have put into it. I would start again tomorrow if it were necessary. As I think of the new fields opened through studies and contact with teachers, the interesting activities, and the joys of the friendships I have made, I wouldn't have missed college for anything.

So, if you're wanting to go to college and are wondering whether to make the attempt on a self-supporting basis, just ask yourself these questions—and talk them over with your favorite teacher—

Do I want to go "all the way down to the tips of my toes?"

Am I willing to make the necessary sacrifices?

Can I hold fast to a purpose in spite of obstacles?

Am I ready to work and save?

Have I a means of earning money?

And if your answer is affirmative on these points, I would save some money, select a college and "go to it."



For That May Bazaar

When you have that bazaar for the benefit of your troop room or your cabin fund, you will find that tea tables will be a popular feature. Here are two sandwich recipes for you, and directions for making luscious little cakes to serve your guests with their tea or their lemonade.

Date and Fig Sandwich

To 2 cups stoned dates add 1 cup diced figs and 1 cup seeded raisins. Have all chopped fine and add enough water to make a paste to spread easily. Let this boil up, and when cool, spread between thin slices of buttered white bread.

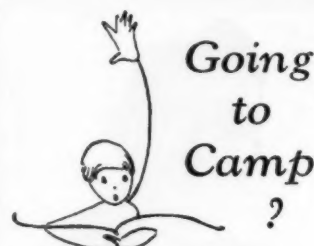
Currant Jelly Sandwich

Cut fresh bread in very thin slices. Carefully spread with softened butter, then with currant jelly. Lightly sprinkle with fresh cocoanut. Roll each slice separately and tie with ribbon.

Melting Moments (cakes)

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter
6 tablespoons sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon rose extract
2 cups cornstarch
sifted with 1 teaspoon baking powder
2 eggs

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs alternately with cornstarch, and extract. Bake in oiled and floured heart pans; ice in various shades.



Going to Camp ?

Of course you are—even if there are a thousand things you've just got to have, and don't know how you are going to manage it. Why not earn these by being an AMERICAN GIRL representative in your locality and looking after new and renewal subscriptions?

You'll be astonished how easy it is. Below is a list of things you may want, and the number of AMERICAN GIRL subscriptions needed to earn each.

Our Premium List

Article	1 Yr.	2 Yrs.
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Midgert Pin	1	1
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Aluminum Sewing Kit	1	1
Stockings	1	1
Neckerchief	1	1
Handkerchief	1	1
Whistle	1	1
G. S. Game Book	1	1
Guide Rope	1	1
Iodine Pen	1	1
Bandeaux	1	1
Knots, Hitches & Splices	1	1
Belt (web)	1	1
Scouting is Fun	1	1
Girl Guide Book of Games	1	1
First Aid Book	2	1
First Aid Kit (small)	2	1
Knife, No. 2	2	1
Handbook	2	1
Sun Watch	2	1
Compass (plain)	2	1
American Girl (1 year)	3	2
Ring (silver)	3	2
Knife, No. 1	3	2
Flag Set	3	2
Flashlight (small)	3	2
Troop Pennant	3	2
Compass (Radiolite)	3	2
Axe	3	2
Hat	3	2
Bloomers	3	2
Knife (hunting)	3	2
Nature Project	3	2
Middy	3	2
First Aid Camp Kit	3	2
Standards for Flag Stuffs	3	2
Pedometer	4	3
Tam No. 3	4	3
Ring (gold)	4	3
Flag Carrier	4	3
American Flag (2x3)	4	3
Flashlight (large)	4	3
Eagle Emblem	4	3
Knickers	4	3
Camp Kit	4	3
Haversack, No. 2	4	3
G. S. Handifacts	4	3
Girl's Clubs, by Helen Ferris	4	3
Producing Amateur Entertainments, by Helen Ferris	4	3
Pack Sack	5	3
First Aid Kit (large)	5	4
Aluminum Mess Kit	5	4
Troop Flag (2x3) (Lettering extra)	5	4
Aluminum Canteen	5	4
Long Coat Suit	6	4
Girl Scout Book Ends	6	4
Duffel Bag (12x36)	6	4
Pack Basket	6	5
Poncho (45x72)	6	5
Scout Emblem	7	5
Troop Flag (2 1/2x4) (Lettering extra)	7	5
American Flag (3x5)	7	5
Haversack, No. 1	7	5
Archery Set (Special)	7	5
Duffel Bag (15x36)	7	5
Duffel Bag (18x36)	8	6
Short Coat Suit	8	6
Bugle	9	6
Wrist Watch	9	6
Poncho (60x80)	9	6
American Flag (4x6)	10	7
Raincoat (oil skin)	10	7
Clock (Radiolite-Midgert)	10	7
Bathing Suit	10	7
Camera Kodak	11	8
Troop Flag (3x5) (Lettering extra)	11	8
Blankets	12	8
Coat Sweater	14	10
Troop Flag (4x6) (Lettering extra)	14	10

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Stamps in the Making

By OSBORNE B. BOND

HAVE you ever heard of Ascension? It is an isolated volcanic island in the Atlantic Ocean about 700 miles northwest of St. Helena off the west coast of Africa. Its area is thirty-four square miles and its population 330. The island, a British Crown Colony used mainly as a coaling and supply station for the British Navy, has a postage stamp history dating from 1922 when the stamps of St. Helena were overprinted at the top with the word "Ascension." This surcharge was placed on nine values on script watermarked paper and on one on block watermarked paper. This issue was in use for only two years and is now selling for about eight dollars the set, in either used or unused condition. The face value of the stamps is \$1.83. The issue is still very popular with stamp collectors and is bound to rise to an even higher value before very long.

In 1924 this provisional issue of surcharged stamps was superseded by the first set of Ascension postage stamps which are still current in the colony. The type of this issue is illustrated at the bottom of the page. All values are the same, the differences being in the color and denomination.

I have so often been asked the question "Is there any difference in the paper on which postage stamps are printed?" that I am going to take space this month and next month to tell you briefly just how some of the differences in stamp paper come about, and discuss the various watermarks used.

As most of you know, the material used for paper is made chiefly from cotton and linen, which are dusted, sorted, cleaned, and then pounded into a pulp. After heating, the pulp is passed through a strainer, which frees it from lumps, and is then forced over a leathern surface from which it falls and spreads out upon a wire cloth moving around two rollers. The wire cloth with its coating of pulp passes under a light wire cylinder on which is the design of the watermark which becomes impressed in the half formed paper.

After it has passed this "dandy-roll" cylinder, the gauze carries its burden over suction boxes and tubes



GIRL SCOUTS

Have you received your Packet of 125 Free Stamps and asked for our approval sheets?

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FREE! Fenway Unused Hundred—100 different, beautiful stamps—all unused—from fast-off countries, which would cost \$1.00 if purchased from approval sheets. Included are: Albania, Antioquia, Bosnia, Chad, Danomey, Cuba, Latvia, Nyansa giraffe, etc. This fine packet absolutely free to new approval applicants enclosing 4c postage. Big lists also free—Write today.

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200 Stamps 15c the better kind, all diff. to new applicants for my 50% discount approval service. Free premiums. 1000 hinges 10c. Charles Worcester, 25 Woodruff Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOR Sale, Book fine used European's Cat. \$550.00. Another So. American's Cat. \$260.00 (all postage). All before the war, later issues easily added. Loose leaf albums fine condition. Bargain if interested. Write E. A. Graff, Dunkirk, N. Y.

225 Different Foreign Stamps .15c to new approval sheet customers 50% commission. Chas. E. Birr Stamp Co., 4237 N. Winchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.

worked by air pumps, which relieve the pulp of superfluous moisture. Then, after being pressed and sized, it is ready for the printing presses.

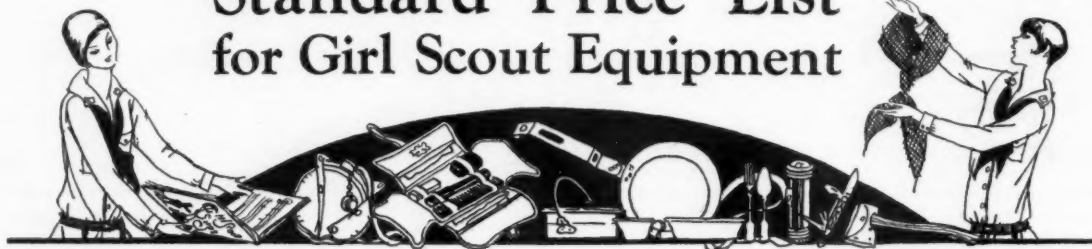
The varieties of papers with which philatelists have to deal are caused by the differences in the texture of the wire on the dandy-roll. The two chief classes of stamp paper are called "wove" and "laid."

Wove paper is produced when the wire is woven like cloth, and presents no sign of regular lines running through it. The current stamps of Great Britain are printed on wove paper. Laid paper is made when the wire is set in parallel lines, which are very easily traceable in the finished paper. A stamp printed on laid paper is never very hard to distinguish. The majority of the early issue of the stamps of Russia are printed on this sort of paper.

We will talk of other kinds of stamp papers next month.

An interview with this young tennis champion will appear in June

Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment



Effective May 1, 1927

Uniforms			† Lapels—G. S., for Girl Scouts		† Troop Pennants	
	Size	Price	† Patrol Leader's Chevron		Lettered with any Troop No.	
Long Coat	10-18	\$3.65			† G. S. Felt Emblems	
	38-44	4.15			Price	
Short Coat Suit	10-18	4.70			3x4	35c
	38-44	5.20			4x5	40c
Skirt	10-44	2.10			6x7	45c
Bloomers	10-44	1.85			7x10	55c
Knickers	10-44	2.15			Signal Flags	
Middy—Official khaki	10-42	1.75			Flag Set complete	
Norfolk Suit—Officer's					Includes:	
Khaki, lightweight	32-44	8.00			1 pr. Morse Code Flags, Jointed	
Serge	32-44	38.00			6-ft. Staff	
Hat, Officer's, Serge	6¼-8	4.00			1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy	
Hat, Officer's, Felt with insignia	6¼-8	3.00			Web Carrying case	
Hat, Girl Scout's	6½-8	1.60			1 pr. of Semaphore Flags including Sticks and Carrying Case	
Web Belt	28-38	.65			1 pr. of Morse Code Flags with Jointed Staff and Carrying Case	
	40-46	.75			1 pr. of Morse Code Flags without Jointed Flagstaff or Carrying Case	
Leather Belt for Officers	28-38	2.75				
	40-42	3.00				
Neckerchiefs, each		.45			Staffs	
Bandeaux (to match neckerchiefs), each		.45			1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with spiral	
Colors: green, purple, dark blue, light blue, brown, cardinal, black, and yellow.					G. S. Emblem	
Black Silk		2.00			1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle	
Green Silk		2.00			1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear	
Yellow Slickers	10	3.75			G. S. Emblem—separate	
	12	4.00			Eagle Emblem—separate	
	14-20	5.00			Spear Emblem—separate	
Sweaters—Brown and Green Heather					Flag Carrier	
Coat Model	32-40	8.00				
Slipover Model	32-40	7.00				
Badges					Literature	
		Price			Price	
† Attendance Stars					Brown Book for Brown Owls	
Gold		\$0.20			Brownie Handbook, English	
Silver		.15			Brownie Games, English	
† First Class Badge		.25			Blue Book of Rules	
† Flower Crests		.15			Camping Out (By L. H. Weir)	
†*Life Saving Crosses					Campward Ho!	
Silver		1.75			Camp and Field Notebook Cover	
Bronze		1.50			Ceremonies around the Girl Scout Year	
† Proficiency Badges		.15			Community Service Booklet—	
† Second Class Badge		.15			Each	.10
†*Thanks Badge					Per dozen	1.00
Heavy gold plate with bar	3.00				First Aid Book—	
10K Gold Pin	5.00				New Edition	.80
Gold Plate Pins	.75				Games and Recreational Methods for Clubs, Camps and Scouts (By Chas. F. Smith)	2.00
Silver Plate	.75				Girls' Clubs (By Helen Ferris)	2.00
					Girl Guide Book of Games	.50
					Girl Scout Game Book	.35
					Girl Scout Handyfacts	2.35
					Health Record Books, each	.10
					Per dozen	1.00
					Handbook, Cloth Board Cover	1.10
					Flexible Cloth Cover	.80
					English Girl Guide	.75
Insignia						
	Price		Size	Material	Price	
† Armband	\$0.15		2 x3 ft.	Wool	\$2.80	
† Corporal's Chevron	.10		3x5 ft.	Wool	3.60	
† Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron	.20		4x6 ft.	Wool	4.60	
† Hat Insignia (for Captain's hat)	.50					
			† Troop Flags			
			Size	Material	Price	Lettering
			2 x3 ft.	Wool	\$2.60	10c per letter
			2½x4 ft.	Wool	4.20	15c " "
			3 x5 ft.	Wool	5.75	20c " "
			4 x6 ft.	Wool	8.50	20c " "
			NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter troop flags and pennants.			

When you buy Girl Scout Equipment, please remember that you are helping to finance the promotion of Girl Scouting throughout the country, and to maintain your National Organization

SPECIAL NOTE—These prices are subject to change without notice.
*Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

Above Prices Are Postage Paid

Standard Price List Continued

Literature (Continued)		Price		Price	
Home Service Booklet, each.....	\$0.10	Series of Law Cards		First Aid Kit with Pouch.....	\$0.80
Per dozen.....	1.00	Per hundred.....	\$4.50	Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra.....	.50
How to Start a Girl Scout Troop		"A Girl Scout is Cheerful"		First Aid Kit, No. 1.....	2.90
Pamphlet, each.....	.05	"A Girl Scout's Honor is to		Flashlights, Small size.....	1.50
Per hundred.....	4.50	be Trusted"		Large size.....	1.70
Knots, Hitches and Splices.....	.55	"A Girl Scout is Kind to		Handkerchiefs—Girl Scout emblem:	
Life Saving Booklet.....	.15	Animals"		Linen.....	.35
Nature Program—		"A Girl Scout is Thrifty"		Box of three.....	1.00
A Guide to Girl Scout Leaders		Any of above, each.....	.03	Cotton.....	.20
in their Nature Work.....	.20	Per hundred.....	2.50	Box of six.....	1.00
Girl Scout Nature Trail Guides		Posters—		Haversacks, No. 1.....	3.00
Tenderfoot.....	.03	New Building Poster 9¼x11¼.....	.10	No. 2.....	2.00
First Class and Rambler.....	.05	Per dozen.....	1.00	Shoulder Protection Straps, per	
Second Class and Observer.....	.10	Girl Scout Creed (By Henry		pair.....	.25
Per set of 3.....	.15	Van Dyke).....	.15	I Khaki, Official Girl Scout, 36-	
Nature Projects—		Girl Scout's Promise, 11 x 16.....	.15	in. wide.....	.40
Set of three (Bird, Tree and		Per hundred.....	10.00	Heavy for Officers, 28-in. wide	
Flower Finder) with note-		Girl Scout's Promise, 8 x 11.....	.10	Material for Brownie Uniform,	
book cover.....	1.50	Per hundred.....	8.00	32-in. wide.....	.25
Projects, each.....	.40	Scout Laws		Knives, No. 1.....	1.60
Rock, Bird, Tree or Flower		Size 14 x 19.....	.30	No. 2.....	1.05
instruction sheet, each.....	.10	Size 9 x 11.....	.10	Sheath Knife.....	1.60
Star Project.....	.20	Producing Amateur Entertain-		Mess Kit, Aluminum, 6 pieces.....	3.00
Ye André Logge.....	.75	ments (By Helen Ferris).....	2.00	Mirror—Unbreakable.....	.25
Pageant—		Scout Mastership.....	1.50	† Patterns—	
Spirit of Girlhood (By Florence		Short Stories for Girl Scouts.....	2.00	Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-42.....	.15
Howard), each.....	.50	Tree Marker (not engraved).....	8.00	Norfolk Suit, 34-44.....	.25
Patrol Register, each.....	.15	Troop Management Course.....	.75	Brownie, 8-10.....	.30
Patrol System for Girl Guides.....	.25	Troop Register (Field Notebook		Pocket Signal Charts, each.....	.15
Plays—		Size).....	1.55	In lots of ten or more, each.....	.10
Why They Gave a Show and		Additional Sheets		Poncho (45x72).....	3.50
How (By Mrs. B. O. Edey)		Cash Record		Poncho (60x82).....	4.75
Each.....	.15	(15 sheets).....	25c. package	Rings, Silver, 3 to 9.....	1.00
How St. John Came to Bencer's		Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	3c. ea.	10K Gold, 3 to 9.....	3.00
School.....		Treasurer's Monthly Record		Rope, 4 ft. by ¼ in.....	.15
A Pot of Red Geraniums		(30 sheets).....	25c. package	Lots of 5 or more, each.....	.10
Why the Rubbish?		Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	2c. ea.	Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt.....	.50
Everybody's Affair		Treasurer's or Scribe's Record		Serge, O. D., 54-in. wide, per	
When the Four Winds Met		(15 sheets).....	25c. package	yard.....	4.75
(By Oleda Schrotky)		Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	3c. ea.	Sewing Kit, Tin Case.....	.25
Magic Gold Pieces		Individual Record		Aluminum Case.....	.50
(By Margaret Mochrie)		(30 sheets).....	25c. package	Girl Scout Stationery.....	.55
Above six, each.....	.15	Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	2c. ea.	Girl Scout Stickers—each.....	.01
Lots of ten or more, each.....	.10	Troop Advancement Record		Per dozen.....	.10
Post Cards—		3c. a sheet		Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-11.....	.55
Set of Six (Silhouette).....	.10	Troop Reports		Sun Watch.....	1.00
1 dozen sets.....	1.00	(30 sheets).....	25c. package	Trefoil Emblem Stickers (em-	
Set of four (Colored) (Fall,		Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	2c. ea.	bossed in gold).....	.02
Winter, Spring, Summer		Miscellaneous		3 for.....	.05
Sets cannot be broken).....	.15	Axe, with Sheath.....	\$1.85	12 for.....	.15
1 dozen sets.....	1.50	Belt Hooks, extra.....	.05	100 for.....	1.00
Building.....	2 for .05	Blankets—3¼-pound camel's hair	5.50	Thread, Khaki spool.....	.15
Washington Little House (Ex-		O.D.—3¼-pound all wool, size		Per dozen spools.....	1.20
terior).....	.02	66 x 80.....	4.75	† Uniform Make-up Sets—	
Washington Little House		Bugle.....	5.00	Long Coat Uniform.....	.70
(Doorway).....	.02	Braid—¼-inch wide yard.....	.10	1 Long Coat Pattern.....	} Give pattern size
Girl Scout Laws (By E. B.		† Buttons—Per set.....	.25	1 Pair Lapels.....	
Price).....	.05	10s—6 L to set—dozen sets.....	2.75	1 Spool of Thread.....	
Per hundred.....	4.50	Camp Toilet Kit.....	2.35	1 Set of Buttons.....	
Girl Scout's Promise.....	.05	Canteen, Aluminum.....	2.75	Two-piece Uniform.....	.85
Per hundred.....	4.50	Compass, Plain.....	1.00	1 Short Coat Pattern.....	} Give pattern size
		Radiolite Dial.....	1.50	1 Skirt Pattern.....	
		Cuts		1 Pair Lapels.....	
		Running Girl.....	1.00	1 Spool of Thread.....	
		Trefoil.....	.75	1 Set of Buttons.....	

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Girl Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with a †.
5. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

When you buy Girl Scout Equipment, please remember that you are helping to finance the promotion of Girl Scouting throughout the country, and to maintain your National Organization

Mail all Orders to

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.
670 Lexington Ave. New York City

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Our May Contents

Art and Poetry

Cover Design
Walter Beach Humphrey
Shepherdess Alice Meynell 6
Decoration by Katherine and Abell Sturges

Stories

"Why, Sue!"
Ralph Henry Barbour 7
Illustrations by Edward Monks

Tall Water
Kenneth Payson Kempton 10
Illustrations by Frank Schoonover

Blackcat . Samuel Scoville, Jr. 16
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Constance Lindsay Skinner 26
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Mrs. Christine Frederick 21
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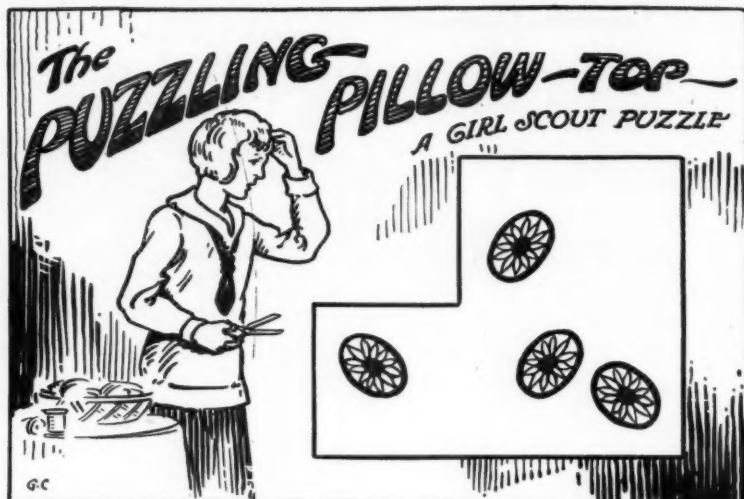
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George Carlson 66

OUR PUZZLE PACK



The Puzzling Pillow-top

Miss Ophelia Ann is perplexed over a very peculiar problem. She has come across a piece of cloth of rather odd shape and has decided to make a fancy pillow-top from it and present it to the leader of her Girl Scout Troop.

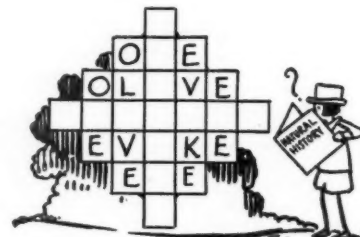
The pillow-top is, of course, to be square, and as Ophelia Ann is a thrifty miss, she does not want to cut it any more than is necessary. Besides, the pattern in the cloth happens to be her troop insignia, and she wants to have it arranged nicely on her finished work.

Now then, the problem before us, as well as Ophelia Ann, is to cut the cloth with the least possible number of straight cuts and rearrange the pieces into a perfect square so that the emblems will be evenly placed.

Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square:

- A ludicrous play.
- A self-evident truth.
- A fire-arm.
- The hue of a body.
- A hard mineral.



A Word Diamond

Fill in the blank spaces with the name of a fabled animal so that the other letters will make true words reading both ways.

Curtailed Word

Take a letter from a word meaning a prickly or spine and leave the past participle of a word meaning rend. Another letter taken away, it means a heavy measure of weight. Take away another and leave it upon.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

THE SPRING GARDENER: Water splashing from can in wrong direction. No hole in spoon-fork handle. Rake handle off center from teeth. Chimney directly over window. Shutters on house not alike. Sun is oval shaped. Weather vane wrong. Shadows wrong from sun. Two knobs on door. No handle on further side of sprinkling can.

CONCEALED WEIGHTS AND MEASURES: 1. Gallon 2. Ounce 3. Second 4. Fathom 5. Acre.

PICTORIAL ACROSTIC: Sun, ark, tub, urn, rug, net, SATURN.

WORD JUMPING: Gate, game, dame, dime, dims, aims, arms, arcs, arch.

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

D R A M A
R I V A L
A V E R T
M A R N E
A L T E R

A NECKTIE PUZZLE: Heron, her on.

CURTAILED WORD: Sprain, Spain, span, pan, an.



Pictorial Acrostic

The names of the objects here pictured can be described in words of five letters. Place the correctly guessed words one below the other in proper order so that the first letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a State.

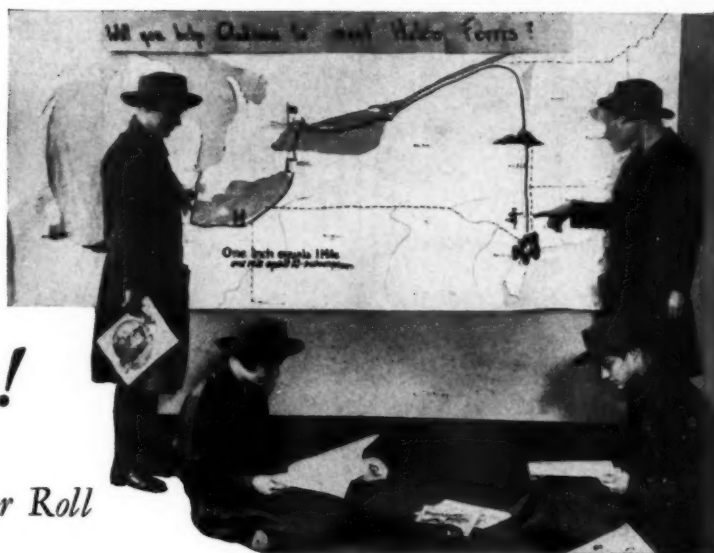
Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, change HUNT into FIND in five moves.

It's surprising what one new subscription will bring you. See page 62

All Honor To Chicago!

*The first city to be placed
on The American Girl Honor Roll
in 1927*



This original poster marked the progress of the contest

WE honor Chicago. From November 1, 1926 to February 12, 1927, Chicago worked on a city-wide AMERICAN GIRL Campaign. The Patrol Leaders were AMERICAN GIRL Aides. The AMERICAN GIRL Chairman for the whole city was Miss Helen Snyder. And Miss Emelia Thoorsell, the Local Director, and all the Captains and all the Lieutenants were always there to give a helping hand.

What Happened? 1020 subscriptions happened!

Can you imagine how happy everyone at The American Girl office was when all those subscriptions arrived? The news came as a Valentine Telegram from the Patrol Leaders. And as fast as it could be sent, an original painting of one of THE AMERICAN GIRL covers was sent to Chicago, a gift to hang in their local headquarters in appreciation of this most unusual accomplishment!

There were 100% Troops, Too

The first three 100% subscribing troops, to each of whom was awarded a book for their Troop library, were Troop 1, Wheeling, Illinois; Troop 2, Wilmette, Illinois and Troop 102 of Chicago. All three of these troops are in the Chicago territory.

First Aid to Troop Treasuries

And The Chicago girls discovered something! They discovered that getting AMERICAN GIRL subscriptions is one of the best possible ways of swelling Troop Treasuries! This is how they worked the plan—and your troop may do it, too. Each Patrol Leader was appointed a member of the Earn-Your-Own Club for her patrol. Every subscription which any member of her patrol secured,

the Patrol leader sent in. But—and here is the best part of the story—for every one year subscription which they secured, the troop earned 35c and for every two-year subscription, the troop earned 50c. No wonder the Girl Scouts of Chicago are as happy, these days, as Helen Ferris is!

A Book For Every 100% Subscribing Troop

100% troops are all the style, these days! Why don't you try to become one? A 100% troop is one in which every girl is a subscriber to THE AMERICAN GIRL. If there are sisters in a troop, one subscription counts toward the 100%. If a girl's subscription expires within six months, she must renew! If a girl hasn't the money just now for her subscription, she may earn it free by securing three other subscriptions. Yes, you can be a 100% troop—with your picture in THE AMERICAN GIRL—as quick as a wink, almost! And—in recognition of your work, for a certain length of time THE AMERICAN GIRL will send you a book for your troop library. We can't keep this offer open indefinitely. So—be a 100% troop this month.



Another poster which brought in subscriptions

An Original Painting for Town Contests—An American Girl Cover

Why don't you try Chicago's plan? It doesn't matter if you aren't as large as Chicago—it doesn't matter if you live in a small town. If you wish to have an AMERICAN GIRL Campaign, you may. You may earn money for your troop fund. Your 100% subscribing troops will be honored. And if you send in one hundred or more subscriptions, as long as they last, we will present to you the originals of some of our covers. *As long as they last*—and we haven't many. So if you wish to try this plan, have your Local Director or your Captain write at once and register your town.

POSTAL PEN CO., INC.
41 Park Row, Desk 232, New York City

